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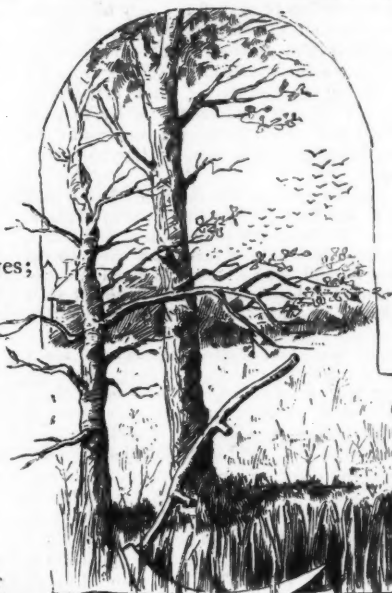
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## LITTLE TIM.

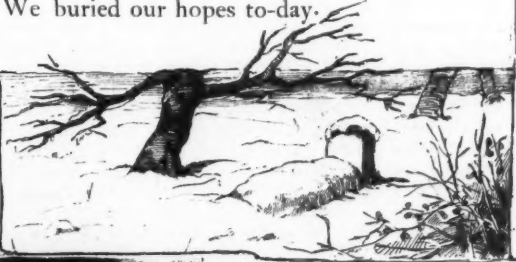
OVER the paling peeped little Tim,  
With a roguish look in his bright black eyes;  
He called to the children to come to him,  
And help him to catch the butterflies.  
Browned and burned by the summer's sun,  
Under a hat of plaited straw,  
Hopeful, healthy, and full of fun,  
Was the cheerful face I saw.



III  
I fashioned a future for my boy,  
As only a hopeful mother can;  
My soul seemed filled with a sense of joy,  
I saw him grow to a goodly man:  
The prop and stay of my feeble frame,  
The pride and hope of my later days;  
He mounted the splendid heights of fame—  
Men uttered his honest praise!



IV  
To-day, while the winter wind blew shrill  
Through the moaning pines in the vale below,  
We bore him sadly over the hill,  
And laid him under the drifting snow.  
Under the willows blank and bare,  
Under the dark clouds cold and gray,  
Under the snow-flakes white and fair,  
We buried our hopes to-day.



II  
I heard the hum of the honey-bees,  
The chirp of grasshoppers still and clear;  
The robins singing amid the trees;  
The clattering scythes in the meadows near;  
The rustling wind through the apple boughs,  
The murmuring sound of the hillside stream,  
The tinkling bells on the distant cows,  
While I sat in a sweet day-dream.



V  
I dream again, while to-night I stand  
By my window and gaze at the howling storm,  
Of my little boy in the Better Land;  
And I seem to see his shining form  
Through a rift in the clouds, while I watch and wait  
For the joyous summons to go to him.  
Yes! Peeping over the golden gate,  
I shall meet my little Tim!

EUGENE J. HALL



# OUR CONTINENT,

AN ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY—PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

CONDUCTED BY

ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

ASSISTED BY

DANIEL G. BRINTON and ROBERT S. DAVIS.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1882.

A CONTEMPORARY who is in a rage because we do not like the anti-Chinese bill gives us this solemn warning: "Gentlemen, beware! The American people have their eyes upon you!" All right; if the eyes can stand it we can.

A LIFE of Longfellow should be written with becoming regard to the noble character of the dead poet and in keeping with the standard of literature of which he was a master. The family of the deceased have requested those having any correspondence or materials relating to the poet's life to communicate immediately with them at Cambridge, Mass., and we trust the request will be heeded. A life written by a chosen representative of the family with such matter as they may deem worthy, will be authentic enough, not only to satisfy the most exacting reader but one entirely in consonance with the just pride the family entertains for the dead, and alone satisfactory to the demands of the great English and American public.

## Extremes Meet.

PERHAPS if any man may justly claim the merit or demerit, as the case may be, of having maintained more persistently and stubbornly than any other the doctrine of equality of right which underlies the recent amendments of the Constitution of the United States and the laws enacted in pursuance thereof, it is the writer of these lines. Not content with the mere fact that such laws were upon the statute book he has given every power of his manhood to the creation of a public sentiment that would not only permit but demand their enforcement, in letter and spirit, in every nook and hamlet in the land. In this work he has been so pertinacious and unrelenting that a journal of opposing views paid him the one compliment of which he has ever been proud in language intended to be anything but commendatory, when it said of his works, "They are the work of a cultured fool who loves what he calls his country and has an insane devotion to the idea of equality of right between the negro and the Caucasian." The writer has always prized this as a certificate of merit endorsed by one of the ablest and most consistent opponents of this idea. Imagine then his surprise upon perceiving the fact that certain advocates of the anti-Chinese bill had endeavored to arraign him as an opponent of this very principle. One might just as reasonably accuse Calvin of favoring the views of Arminius or Cotton Mather of being addicted to witchcraft or inclined to Quakerism. The milk in the coconut is apparent, however, when we find that the cause of this wrathful absurdity is the fact that we declared, not long since, that the principle underlying the anti-Chinese bill and the position of the Southern whites in regard to the negro are identical. This is literally true. The Southern position has always been that the negro had no right of self-control, or government—that he was not and should not be made a political factor. They conceded that he might remain upon sufferance, under the guardianship of the Caucasian, and as his inferior and servitor. This they claimed as an inalienable right of the white race, by whom alone, and for whom alone, as they held, this government was framed and continued. The claim of the anti-Chinese, is much stronger than this. It is that the Caucasian has the right to exclude entirely and unconditionally, the Mongolian. He shall not come; he shall not stay; he shall not be a free-man; he shall not be a slave—he shall not be at all on American soil. For asserting the identity in principle of these claims of a divine right inhering in the Caucasian the New York *Globe* attacks us as an assailant of the Constitutional amendments and fulminates against us the

following: "The man or the men who assail the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, will find a bloodier Waterloo at the hands of the loyal people of this country than marked the scenes out of which those amendments were born."

This is somewhat sky-scraping, a kind of soaring malediction whose very loftiness of sound awakens a suspicion of its sincerity. Nevertheless, it precisely accords with our notions and we unhesitatingly say to the fulminator, "Thou art the man." Let him take his warning home. The man who is assailing the amendments is he who is trying to blast out the foundation of principle on which they rest. The Mongolian and the Indian are men and until we are willing to make the ocean a sea of fire, as Mr. Jefferson wished it were, or build an impassable Chinese wall around our holy realm, we have no right to exclude the one nor oppress the other. We have adopted the broad principle that human right depends not on race, nor on color nor on "a previous condition of servitude," nor on a present state of ignorance, semi-barbarity, poverty or helplessness, but on the fact of humanity. We have "appealed to Caesar," the common instinct of humanity, the grand "all men" of our immortal "Declaration" and by that appeal we must stand or fall.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

## Brave Words.

If the disturbed state of affairs in Ireland results in no other immediate good, it is likely to produce some statesmen of whom not only England but the world may well be proud. Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland who has been from the first in the very crater of the turmoil, who has been burned in effigy, hooted, cursed, his person threatened if not his life, is one of these. In all this he has preserved not only his temper and his moderation but has continued to regard with a most admirable and calm philosophy the struggle of incongruous elements—the whirlwind resulting from the tempestuous seeding of other days. There is not in all the utterances of Christian statesmen a nobler, manlier declaration than that which he recently uttered in the face of complexities and discouragements that have been rarely equaled.

"It takes a long time before the effects of a bad system can be removed; but I am not altogether without faith in the Irish people. Probably few persons have less reason than I have to speak favorably of much that has occurred in Ireland. But I could not have come so much into contact with its people without finding that, with all their faults and failings, they have many admirable qualities. They have especially that great foundation of civic virtue—a strong love of family and of all social relations; and I believe that, if we persevere in doing our duty, regardless of fear or favor, not caring for reproach and not looking for immediate reward, we shall have the satisfaction of leaving Ireland better than we found it, and also of leaving the three kingdoms in a safer and more united condition."

To a man who can utter such words, the future of any people may safely be confided. The last great lesson which the statesman learns is that to-morrow's prosperity is the touchstone of to-day's policy. That chronic evils cannot be cured by instantaneous operation is a fact that few live long enough to learn. Almost every reformer is anxious to use the knife. The most intense philanthropist is nearly sure to be close akin to the most arbitrary tyrant. The process of growth is altogether too slow for one who sees only results. So too, it is a common error to believe that the growth of centuries can be uprooted by a statute; that the life of a nation can upon the instant be made to fit any mould the legislator may invent. This was the error of our statesmen at the close of the recent war. They thought that if only Northern governmental forms were imposed upon Southern society, that the whole question would thereby be settled. They could not—very few of them to this day can—comprehend the truth that is put so tersely and simply by Mr. Forster. "It takes a long time before the effects of a bad system can be removed." Ignorance and slavery in America and ignorance and oppression in Ireland have produced wonderfully similar results. Poverty follows in their footsteps. Crime runs hand in hand with them. The victims are powerless to help themselves. Those who have held them down for ages feel no duty now to lift them up. They are not cruel. They do not hate the peasantry. Neither had our slave masters any antipathy or malevolence toward the negro. They simply do not see that he has any cause to complain or any right to complain if he have a cause. The owner has an inalienable right to receive his rent and the peasant an inalienable right to pay it, and that is all the landlord class can see in the present crisis. The whole thing has been closely paralleled in our recent history except that with us the servile class has never been goaded to retaliation. Why they were not, no one can tell, but they were not. If they had risen as one man, fired with the thirst for revenge that generations of oppression give, defied the law, and despoiled the spoilers our Government would have been placed in much the same attitude toward the South that the Gladstone ministry occupies toward Ireland. But where we should have found a man with the wisdom, foresight, calmness and candor of Mr. Forster, Heaven only knows. It is well for us that the storm of battle that went before the period of reconstruction served by its terrors to repress others which might have been still more fearful. Even as it is, we may well learn wisdom from the lips of this English statesman and remind ourselves that the effects of our "bad system" are but par-

tially removed. Much time and earnest effort will still be required to eradicate its evils.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

## International Fiction.

BY EMMA L. BURNETT.

NOVELS in these days are nothing if not international. Either the characters are collected from different countries, or the scene is transferred from one country to another. American novelists are especially addicted to this roving propensity, but then why should any pent-up Utica contract their powers when not only this whole boundless continent, but the other one, to say nothing of the islands of the sea, are theirs? A writer on this side the Atlantic scarcely has the hardihood to finish his book without an infusion of European travel; indeed some of our distinguished writers keep their people over there most of the time, only allowing them to come home occasionally on a visit.

Europe is particularly convenient in the case of broken-hearted lovers. While it would be impossible to carry on the story if the principals must continue living in the same place, just as if nothing had happened, it is very easy to send one of them off to visit picture galleries and old castles until the proper time comes for the dénouement. Sometimes the whole performance is enacted during a European tour, and many persons are unpatriotic enough to believe that such a setting gives additional interest to the narrative. Perhaps the hero and heroine play chess and talk mild metaphysics on ship-board; cultivate each other's acquaintance amidst lovely English and Swiss scenery; the proposal is made and refused at Lugano; one carries his desperation to Greece and Syria, the other moans her regrets through Milan, Venice and Florence; they meet by chance in the Pantheon at Rome, and everything is finally adjusted under the dome of St. Peter's. Now this is certainly more exciting than if the same occurrences had happened among the commonplace and unhistoric surroundings of our own land. Some writers are still more ambitious and take Egypt for the scene of operations. The old, yet ever new story is rendered very effective by a sprinkling of pyramids, obelisks, ruined temples, palm trees, fellaheen, *shadoof*, Egyptian sunshine and quotations from Lepsius and Herodotus. The first glances are exchanged at the hotel table in Cairo, and the interesting phases of getting acquainted, becoming the "best friends in the world" and all the rest of it are gone through with during a voyage up the Nile. They quarrel and make up at Ballas; have misunderstandings at Karnak; are deeply in love at the First Cataract; become engaged at the temple of Abou Simbel; humiliating confession made and a bitter parting takes place at Thebes on the downward trip; tears, agonies, rancors and jealousies; a long, sad talk amid the moonlit ruins of Antinoë; things gradually straightened out at Cairo and Alexandria; bliss unutterable on the Mediterranean steamer.

Our English cousins, to a limited extent, make use of American material, and the monotony of Piccadilly is occasionally relieved by a dash into the green pastures of our far West. They have also a way of utilizing Americans in Europe, and thereby giving a western flavor to their books. The American young lady—who is not always a Daisy Miller nor a Fair Barbarian, but only a trifle less ladylike, beautiful and clever than the British young lady—perhaps makes a conquest of an English peer, and the author graphically depicts the ill-concealed exultation of our charming and highly-favored countrywoman's relatives. These relatives are the American part of the book, and are generally represented as being not perfectly unobjectionable. They talk with a nasal twang, constantly say "Sir," are given to discoursing about "institutions," are perhaps natives of Providence, R. I., or Lacedæmon, Ill., and are otherwise so disagreeable that an English peer naturally hesitates about an alliance with such a family, and makes up his mind and unmakes it through several chapters.

People in English books also do a great deal of traveling on the continent, and sometimes they take their rugs and bath-tubs to Syria. We all remember Miss Todd's picnic in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to which Mr. McGabbery and the rest were invited, and how Miss Jones declared she lost her parasol somewhere coming down the Mount of Offense, and charged "those nasty Arab children" with having stolen it.

Many English novels of the last generation had an East India current running through them. Younger sons were shipped off to India in a civil or military capacity; large families of small children were sent home to be taken care of by English aunts and grandmothers; East Indian heiresses were considered fine matches for impecunious English titles; Glorvina Maloneys went out to Bundelunge to try and settle themselves matrimonially; rich Uncle James Binneys returned from India well prepared to pay for their niece's music lessons and give them presents; Clapham and Brighton houses were adorned with Indian curiosities, and so English life among its parks, hedges and shady lanes was tinged with a kind of barbaric, Oriental magnificence. By-the-way, how often these strong contrasts are used! Stories oscillate between London and the diamond fields of South Africa; between the bleak hills of New England and the tropical luxuriance of the sunny South; between one of our Eastern cities and an Indian reservation.



In all probability the coming novel will spread itself farther and farther. Our American lovers, let us say, will no longer be confined to Europe, but will roam at pleasure through Asia and Africa, having happy or unhappy interviews, as the case may be, in Bangkok, Madras, in the Taj Mahal—and where a more fitting place for lovers' meeting than in the mausoleum of the much-loved wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan?—or perhaps during a trip up the Pei-Ho, or while making the ascent of Fusi-Yama, or at a cherry blossom festival in the Kioto Imperial Gardens. Or just for a moment fancy what a good thing could be made of an accidental meeting of *jinrikishas* on the Tokaido, and a settling-up of old scores in an adjacent tea-house.

Then when the prophesied railroad from Cairo to Cape Town is finished, and the Desert of Sahara is flooded so that ships can sail benignly up to the back door of Timbuctoo; when King Mtesa has finally selected his religion, and ceased to be a terror to the surrounding country—or more than likely he will be dead by that time; when the Zulu wars are all over; when, in short, traveling in Africa is made easy, secure and pleasant, we may expect to read of the flirtations of Theodore and Selina at Uganda, Ujiji, or on the banks of Stanley Pool.

### French Marriages.

BY G. JULIA WALKER.

PERHAPS there are few subjects of foreign legislation of more importance in these days of international intercourse than the French marriage law.

As long as a Frenchman resides abroad having conformed to the requirements of the law in the country in which he is, he is lawfully wedded, but let a trip to French soil be taken and his wife is no longer a wife, and her children are nameless. A Frenchman is only considered to be of age at twenty-five, and even then is not free to contract a marriage in his own country without declaring his intention at the *mairie* of his *arrondissement* or town, and having the particulars of his proposed alliance posted up some three weeks in advance. Then the consent of his parents or grandparents must be obtained, or lacking which he must serve them with three "respectful summonses" at intervals of a fortnight from each other. He must also produce his certificate of birth and his "acte de libération," setting forth that he was drawn at the conscription and either served his time or been duly exempted.

That there are Frenchmen who do not know the laws of their own country must be acknowledged. Not long ago a Frenchman of some standing went to Paris, and finding that the English woman he had married eighteen years before was not legally his wife, honorably re-married her according to the laws of his own country.

But does every Frenchman act thus? Does no Frenchman take advantage of the ignorance of a woman respecting his national laws for the purpose of deserting her? Let the untold miseries of English and American women in Paris answer. There the girl who without question plighted her troth wakes up to find that a wife in her own country is no wife in France, and that her children cannot bear the name of a man who is not her husband. In many cases a man has been known to add to the cruelty of desertion, which many a proud woman would have silently borne could she have been justified as to her offspring, a threat of legal proceedings should she or her children dare to bear the name of the man to whom she was in England or America lawfully wedded.

We have said there are Frenchmen ignorant of the laws of their own country. A sad example of this ignorance happened a few years ago. A Frenchman married in London an Englishwoman, and after living there for about ten years an uncle in France left him an estate and fortune to the exclusion of other members of the family. Shortly after taking possession he died, leaving all by will to his wife and children, when distant relatives came forward to prove that the requirements of the French law had not been complied with; therefore, the dead man had had no wife, and there were no children of the name indicated in the will.

The woman who had been tenderly loved and cherished for more than ten years, with no suspicion of the bitter truth, was cast forth with her children penniless. There was, however, in this case a consolation which is generally denied; it was to her husband's ignorance of the laws, not his faithlessness, that this poor woman owed her misfortune, and this, culpable though it was, made her burden far easier to bear than that of many of her sisters, who, marrying in as good faith as she, find themselves cruelly deserted in their husband's country.

One of many such cases comes before me now. A young Frenchman who gave the age of twenty-two married in New York an American girl of respectable parentage two years his junior, and a few months after went to reside in England. They had lived there for about three years, and had two little children, when the husband's father went over from Paris apparently not having known of the marriage, but acknowledged his son's wife and their little ones, and remained at their house. The son in his turn visited his parents in Paris and wrote of their making arrangements so that all might live together.

Instead of his promised return he sent a telegram that he would come the next day. This, however, was only followed by chilling disappointment, which the

wife patiently bore. Hearing nothing she feared he must be ill, started for Paris with her children, and on presenting herself at the house of her father-in-law was coolly told by him that his son was not her husband and she could not see him. Her pleading that his children might at least see him was cruelly answered by his sending for a "Commissaire de Police" to remove her and her children from the door. Then, with an almost sarcastic touch of humanity, he paid for their lodging one night. With two helpless babes, not speaking a word of the language, she was cast out in a city teeming with temptation. Perhaps the most touching part of all her story was the admission, "And I loved him, and do still." The agony of a dishonored name can scarcely equal that of a woman who has bestowed her young life "for better, for worse" till death sever the solemn bond—upon learning that it all meant nothing in the land which gave her so-called husband birth, and that her marriage was not even worth his name!

Of course the requirements of the law are the same with regard to women; but inasmuch as they are generally married in their own country and are expected to know their own laws, that side of the question hardly bears the same significance for us. But recently however the French Court annulled the marriage of a son of Musurus Pasha to a daughter of the Countess d'Incourt. The handsome young French girl fell in love with the Mohammedan in Constantinople, and they went to England to be married. But in France the union was held to be invalid on account of non-compliance with the requirements of the French law. This leaves the girl in a most pitiable position, as she has lived with the Pasha's son in good faith, supposing herself to be his lawful wife.

However necessary the marriage laws of France may be for its own subjects or for those living on French soil, surely some revision of these laws is urgently needed. In these days of international intercourse the legal recognition of intermarriages between French and other nationalities is demanded by every principle of honor and religion, and the subject should rouse the energies of all who have the power of obtaining restitution for the victims of a legislation which lays numbers of broken hearts upon the hearths of our homes, and hides in Paris many who silently live out their wrongs rather than expose a position proved to be without redress.

DRY GOODS methods and those of the law are not one and the same thing. A man may become a successful merchant; nay, more, in the accepted parlance of the day, a merchant prince, but that a lawyer should step into the shoes of an A. T. Stewart and succeed, developing like talents of economy, kindred genius for maintaining and increasing a colossal fortune in dry goods—this the world must not expect to witness even once in a century. If any hopes had been formed at the time of Mr. Stewart's death that Henry Hilton, Esq., might perpetuate the name of Stewart and the fame of the great establishment founded by the once poor young man from Belfast, such hopes must have received a rude shock when the announcement was made that the closing of the mammoth dry goods emporium had been decreed. The fact that the house of A. T. Stewart was to close and seek a remembrance hereafter only in history may have surprised some people. To the knowing ones in and about New York, and for that matter at the great centres of business East and West, the announcement caused no astonishment. A sentence sufficiently explains the whole business. A lawyer such as Mr. Henry Hilton was not and never could be a merchant. When he inherited Mr. Stewart's fortune, it was all he inherited, and with Mr. Stewart died the brains that made his fame and fortune. In America business relations are constantly changing, and perhaps it may be just as well that change also should come, not only to those who govern the people but more frequently to those who largely control the happiness of thousands by their accumulation and distribution of immense personal fortunes. All men have come to learn that concentrated wealth in the hands of one or of a few individuals is a powerful engine for good or evil. That Mr. Stewart's wealth aided some, we doubt not; that it might have done some good for America or his fellow-citizens of the great State and city of New York, is none of our business, but we know it did nothing, and we have no knowledge that any portion of this wealth has ever been appropriated since coming into Mr. Hilton's hands to the furtherance of any great public interest. The firm of A. T. Stewart lived without love, it dies unregretted. It will live for a time as having been the greatest among great names in the world of dry goods, but its absence will only serve to make people ask the old-time question, "After all, what's in a name?"

VICTOR HUGO's intellectual activity is marvelous. Even now he is up every day between five and six o'clock, and every day he works. Having seen everything and forgotten nothing, Victor Hugo is a wonderful talker. His souvenirs embrace a whole century. Victor Hugo does not seek to hide his age. "I have more to do than I have done," said Victor Hugo to a friend only a few days ago. "It might be thought that age weakens the intellect; my intellect, on the contrary, seems to grow stronger, and does not rest. I should require several lives still to write all that my mind conceives; I shall never finish. I am resigned on that point."

### Literary News and Notes.

THE poet Longfellow wrote the "Golden Legend" in four weeks, not including Sundays, but spent six months in revising and altering before it went to press.

THE article on Mary Stuart for the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is to be written by Mr. Swinburne, whose prose will probably, in spite of him, take at least partially poetical form.

MR. CROSS positively denies the rumor that he has abandoned the idea of writing a biography of his late wife, Marian Evans, or George Eliot, and is reported by the *Athenaeum* as steadily at work upon it.

THE "Life and Times of Stein," by Professor Seeley, is being translated into French. Students of history on the Continent have found it of exceptional value, and a German as well as French translation has been suggested.

CHARLES READE, who through invalidism and family bereavement has been silent for nearly three years, is now at work on a series of short stories with a characteristically odd title, "Multum in Parvo: A Series of Stories with no Waste of Words."

HOUGHTON & MIFFLIN will soon issue new and revised editions of Richard Grant White's volumes, "Shakespeare's Scholar" and "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare." These will be in the same form as the author's other books, which are published by the same house.

AMONG various other noteworthy English reprints will be S. Baring-Gould's memoir of Robert Stephen Hawkes, the English churchman, who was distinguished not only for eccentricity but for the authorship of the ballad, "And Shall Trelawney Die?" T. Whittaker will publish it in a cheap and, therefore, popular form.

THE first number of a new periodical, "La Revue de l'Extreme Orient," has just been issued in Paris, its object being to give careful studies of the religions, arts, sciences and customs of the Far East, past as well as present. The editor, Henri Cordier, is a distinguished bibliophile, and will be aided by many well-known writers.

THE attempt to celebrate the centenary of Metastasio has been abandoned, much to the disgust of the Romans, whose committee have failed to raise funds enough for the purpose. The monument will still be unveiled, but the performance of Piccini's "Olimpiade" will be given up unless private enterprise comes to the rescue.

THE long-promised "Specimens of Early English," edited by Dr. Richard Morris for the Clarendon Press Series, is almost ready for publication. The preface is by Professor Skeat, and students of Early English are looking forward to the volume with a certainty that it will be the most complete aid yet afforded to researches in that direction.

THERE was some reason to fear that the *Magazine of American History*, which had grown to excellence under the editorship of John Austin Stevens, would lose seriously by any change of management, but the first number is of even more value and interest than usual, and the editors, B. F. De Costa and H. P. Johnston, are to be congratulated on the difficult task they are achieving.

NOTHING much more unexpected could well be chronicled than the organization of a "Home Study Society" in India, yet such a society has not only taken root but gives fair promise of growth. Enthusiastic letters from remote regions, from both men and women, have poured in upon the secretary, Mrs. Scott Boys, wife of the deputy commissioner of Oudh, who finds her duties unexpectedly oppressive.

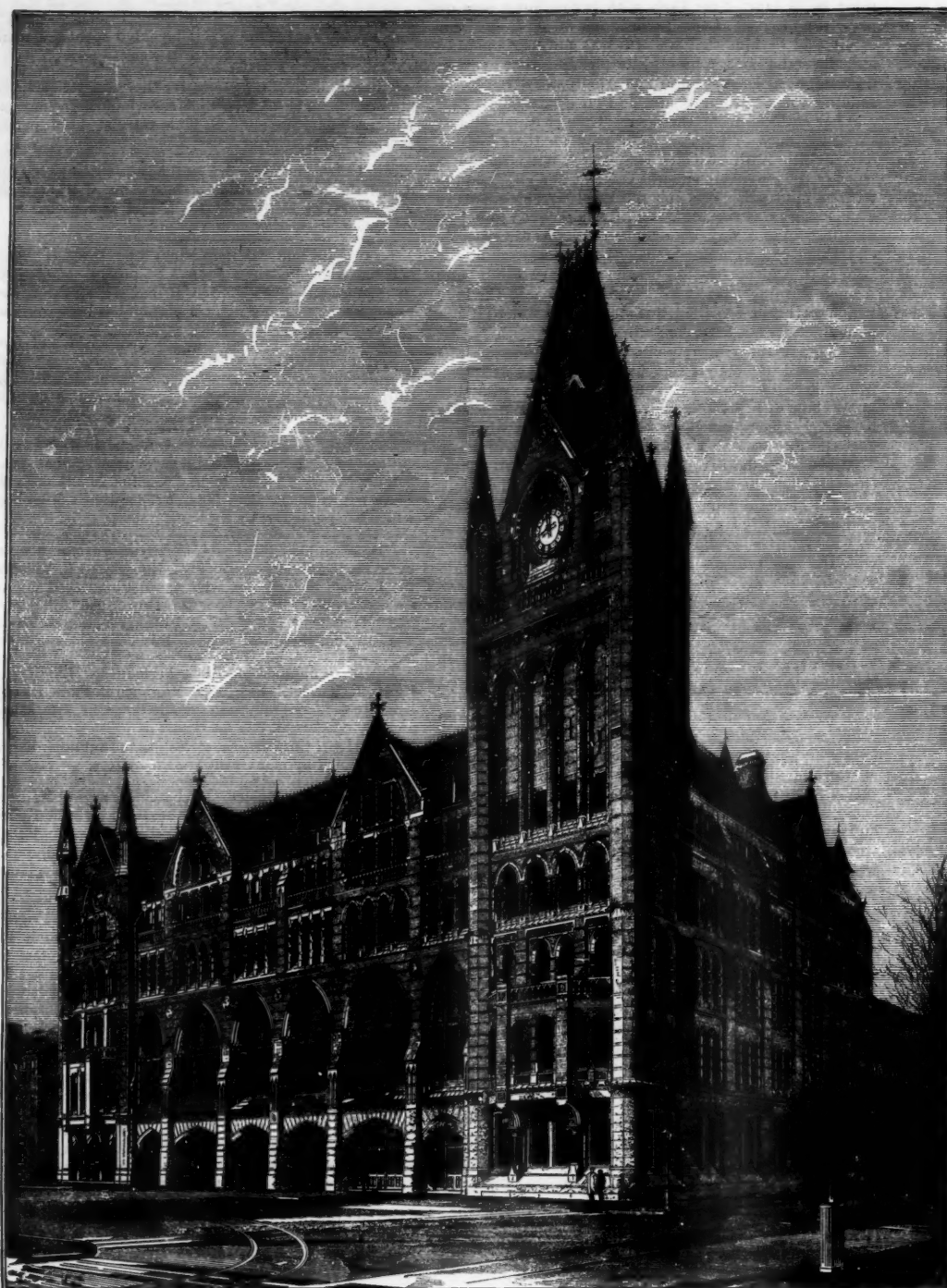
THEODORE WATTS, the English poet, is a lawyer and a critic instead of being, as reported, a librarian in the British Museum. He is however as phenomenally learned as life in that retreat is credited with making one; was an intimate friend of Rossetti's, and has for three or four years lived with Swinburne. He is said to be one of the finest talkers in London, but too absorbed in work to give much time to society.

THE commemorative tablet placed on the house occupied by Sir Walter Scott when in Rome, has lately been unveiled in the presence of a crowd of British residents, as well as many Italians, among the latter the venerable Duca di Sermoneta, who was Scott's companion and friend fifty years ago. The inscription reads as follows: "In the year 1832, the last of his life, in this house dwelt the illustrious British novelist, Walter Scott, of Edinburgh. 1882."

A SERIOUS attempt is under way to rescue the libraries of Stamboul from entire destruction, theft and decay having for many years worked at will. Salih Effendi, one of the most distinguished members of the Ulema, has been appointed director-general, and has begun a catalogue or calendar. It has been asserted that there are or ought to be over a million MSS. and books, but the numbers at present in each library bear out no such total. Several of the MSS. are said to have been saved from the Alexandrine Library, and some are entirely unknown to Turkish scholars.

THE wife of Mr. Fawcett, the blind English statesman, is a careful student, in many points no less distinguished than her husband, who has found her eyes almost as serviceable as his own could have been. She has lately come to high honor, as her "Political Economy for Beginners" is being translated into two of the native languages of India—Canarese and Marathi. Her "Tales in Political Economy" are being also translated into the latter language and into Swedish, her success in this field being as great and as unexpected as that of Harriet Martineau many years ago.





PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD PASSENGER STATION.

THE Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to which we call attention in this number of "OUR CONTINENT," is a monument to the advanced spirit of the age and the enterprise of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The station is located on a lot bounded by Broad, Filbert, Fifteenth and Market streets. The building has a front of 193 feet 5 inches on Broad street extending southward from Filbert, by 122 feet 10 inches from Broad to Fifteenth. Its Fifteenth street front is connected by a covered bridge of ornamental cast-iron work, with the passenger-train house on the west side of Fifteenth street, of which this bridge virtually forms a prolongation, the same roof being common to both. The style of the exterior on Broad is Gothic, treated freely to accommodate it to the requirements of a modern building. The first story is of granite, on the Broad and Filbert street fronts. Above the first story the walls are faced with red pressed brick, with red terra cotta and moulded bricks freely used as adornments in a manner that has a novel and very pleasing effect. On the angle of the two principal façades at Market and Filbert streets a clock tower is carried up to a height, including the slated roof, of 176 feet. Its location is such that it can be seen to great advantage from distant points.

The station is admirably arranged for the purpose of furnishing accommodations for passengers in the first and second stories, and two additional higher stories are appropriately arranged for offices of the company. The first story contains ticket offices, baggage-rooms, stairways leading

to the second story and a waiting lobby to be used in connection with baggage-room and ticket offices. Another considerable portion of this story is open to the streets, front and rear, for the purpose of providing a convenient passageway for carriages and foot passengers from Broad to Fifteenth streets. The second story contains waiting-rooms, a large dining-room and restaurant, barber-shop, lavatories, and other conveniences for passengers. It is approached by stairs and two hydraulic elevators, located on the north side of the waiting-rooms. Communication with the trains is provided by a wide lobby extending the whole length of the Fifteenth street front, on which the waiting-room doors open on one side and the gates to the train-house on the other. The third story contains the kitchen and store-rooms for the service of dining-room and restaurant, with which they are connected by elevators and a private stairway. The other portion of this story is devoted to offices of the company, and the fourth story is occupied entirely by offices intended for similar uses. Access to both these upper stories is provided by a fire-proof stairway and elevator, with entrance by a private door on Filbert street.

The interiors of the first and second stories of the station are very handsomely finished by appropriate decorations, which form part of the construction.

The building has been arranged with great care, special pains being taken in every detail to insure its completeness and adaptability to its intended uses. While greatly increasing the passenger accommodations heretofore furnished to citizens

of Philadelphia and travelers arriving here, it also makes an important addition to the list of architectural ornaments of the city of Penn.

#### NAMES OF THE STATES.

HAMILTON B. STAPLES in a recent lecture before the American Antiquarian Society gave the following interesting facts: Pennsylvania owes its name to its founder, William Penn. The name given by Penn himself was Sylvania, but King Charles II insisted that the name of Penn should be prefixed. It is the only State in the Union named after its founder.

The counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex "upon Delaware," granted by the Duke of York to Penn in 1682, were known as the territories of Pennsylvania. In 1701 Penn granted them a certain autonomy. The State was named after the bay of that name, and the bay after Lord De-la-war, who explored it. It has been claimed that the bay and the river were named after the Delaware Indians, who in 1600 dwelt upon their shores. This claim is unfounded. The Delaware name of the river was Lenapehittuk, meaning the Lenape river.

Ohio is named after the beautiful river, its southern boundary. From Johnston's "Account of the Indian Tribes" the word Ohio, as applied to the river, in the Wyandot language is O-he-zuh, signifying "something great." Mr. Schoolcraft observes that the termination "io" in Ohio implies admiration. On the old French maps the name is sometimes the "Ochio," and sometimes the "Oyo."

## THE STILL HOUR.

### MISSING.

LATE at night I saw the Shepherd  
Toiling slow along the hill,  
Though the flock below were gathered  
In the fold so warm and still.

On His face I saw the anguish,  
In His locks the drops of night,  
As He searched the misty valleys,  
As He climbed the frosty height.

Just one tender lamb was missing  
When He called them all by name;  
While the others heard and followed,  
This one only never came.

Oft his voice rang through the darkness  
Of that long, long night of pain;  
Oft He vainly paused to listen  
For an answering tone again.

Far away the truant sleeping  
By the chasm of despair,  
Lay unconscious of its danger,  
Shivering in the mountain air.

But at last the Shepherd found it,  
Found it ere in sleep it died,  
Took it in His loving bosom,  
And His soul was satisfied.

Then I saw the Eastern spaces  
Part before a shining throng,  
And the golden dome of morning  
Seemed all shattered into song.

JULIA H. THAYER.

JESUS CHRIST alone of all men in history  
casts no shadow. \*\*

THE preacher and the teacher must possess  
the accent of conviction.—*Fred. H. Allen.*

JESUS CHRIST drew into His incarnate  
history all the sinless possibilities of the  
human body and soul. \*\*

—AN apostate soul may die, an apostate  
church may die, but somewhere on the  
earth the glory of the Lord will abide.—*Morgan Dix.*

THERE is a virtue in believing the Bible,  
the whole Bible; in receiving it with a  
whole-heartedness as the Word of God, the  
word of truth.—*R. W. Clark.*

How can the whole body of Christian  
men and women, young and old, be made  
to realize the almost infinitely momentous  
emergency, responsibility and opportunity  
of the time, with reference to the making  
of our country in its totality a Christian  
nation?—*The Advance.*

It cannot be that those whom I have  
loved have gone into nothingness. The  
garment I held has slipped from my grasp.  
The beauty of the flesh is all unwoven. But  
that which I loved, which wore that gar-  
ment, somewhere in God's universe keeps  
its life, its personality, its consciousness.—*W. W. Battershell.*

"MADE in the image of God." We cannot  
tell what it means. It is one of those  
vast thoughts of God we catch the trailing  
fringes of. It is one of those luminous  
heights of God's thought up which we gaze,  
and they are summitless to us. But we are  
to think up toward them, and every day  
stretch in their direction.—*H. W. Warren.*

THE most perfect specimen of athletic  
training ever produced, if bone and flesh  
and sinew are his all, is but one-third a man  
and useless to society. Send him to the  
schools and store his mind full, he is but  
two-thirds a man, and dangerous as well  
as useless. Put Christ in his heart, to control  
and urge his purpose, and you have an  
ideal man.—*W. D. Nicholas.*

CHRIST has come down to us clad in all  
the strength and beauty of a full manhood.  
If He had taught and died in very early  
life, we could not perhaps have divested  
our minds of the idea of immaturity that  
would have attached to His words and  
works. If He had been crucified in old  
age the pitifulness of the scene would have  
obscured its deeper meaning.—*E. Blakeslee.*

ONE of Faraday's workmen by accident  
dropped a little highly-valued silver cup  
into a strong acid bath. In a little while it  
had utterly disappeared. But when Faraday  
came in and learned of it, he said nothing,  
but cast another acid into the jar, and the  
silver was soon precipitated—a shapeless  
mass indeed, but every grain there. A few  
days after it came back a more beautiful  
cup, from the hands of the silversmith.  
May not God as readily restore our bodies  
after the decay and disorganization of  
death.—*Geo. F. Pentecost.*

J. L. RUSSELL.



## REMEMBERED MUSIC.

BEFORE her mind went out to sea  
My little wife she said to me:  
"Come down, dear man, and hear me touch  
The chords you used to love so much;  
The dust that gathers on the keys  
Will suit my old-time melodies."  
Thus said my little wife to me  
Before her mind went out to sea.

Before her mind went out to sea,  
She put on gay attire for me:  
Her hands, inspired by some soft spell,  
Gently upon the key-board fell,  
And oh, the chords the touch awoke!  
What far, far whispers in them spoke,  
As played my little wife to me,  
Before her mind went out to sea!

Before her mind went out to sea  
My little wife turned round to me:  
"I think you know this tune," she said—  
She'd played it first when we were wed!  
"And this?" "I'd known it ere her hand—  
So slender now—an octave spanned.  
Ah, woe! those pangs of melody  
Before her mind went out to sea!

Before her mind went out to sea  
My little wife thus played to me;  
A pallid touch, remote, subdued,  
But flushed to me with maidenhood;  
A simple song, a far-off chime,  
A broken chord, a dropping rhyme—  
And so our life-time's symphony  
Said out my little wife to me.

Before her mind went out to sea  
Thus dreamed my little wife to me:  
And as she dreamed I dreamed again  
Of school-day loiterings in the lane,  
Of love that peeped at love that sighed,  
Of love that would not be denied;  
Oh, love! how played my wife to me  
Before her mind went out to sea!

Before her mind went out to sea  
She fondled thus with memory,  
Till every touch glowed pink with gleams  
Of younger love's bewitching dreams;  
Avoiding still the sterner rhymes  
That hint of darkened, sombre times,  
For she was pitiful to me,  
Before her mind went out to sea.

Before her mind went out to sea  
My little wife she played to me,  
With never moan nor never sigh,  
But always love-looks in her eye—  
Oh, God! the sob that shook my breast!  
"Dear love," she whispered, "let us rest!"  
Her lips to mine she pressed for me,  
And then her mind went out to sea!

EDWARD SPENCER.

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## DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

Author of "Bressant," "Saxon Titles," "Idolatry," "Garth," etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LOCKHART'S house at Hammersmith had been considered a good house in its day, and was still decent and comfortable. It stood on a small side street which branched off from the main road in the direction of the river, and was built of dark red brick, with plain white-sashed windows. It occupied the centre of an oblong plot of ground about half an acre in extent, with a high brick wall all round it, except in front, where space was left for a wrought-iron gate, hung between two posts, with an heraldic animal of ambiguous species sitting upright on each of them. The straight path which led from this gate to the front door of the house, was paved with broad square flagstones, kept very clean. In the midst of the grass-plot on the left, as you entered, was a dark-hued cedar of Lebanon, whose flattened layers of foliage looked out of keeping with the English climate and the character of English trees. At the back of the house was an orchard, comprising three ancient apple-trees and the lifeless stump of a fourth; some sunflowers and hollyhocks, alternating with gooseberry-bushes, were planted along the walls, which, for the most part, were draped in ivy. The interior of the building showed a wide hall, giving access to a staircase, which, after attaining a broad landing, used as a sort of an open sitting-room, and looking out through a window upon the back garden, mounted to the region of bedrooms. The ground floor was divided into three rooms and a kitchen, all of comfortable dimensions, and containing sober and presentable furniture. In the drawing-room, moreover, hung a portrait, taken in 1805, of the deceased master of the establishment; and a miniature of the same gentleman, in a gold-rimmed oval frame, reposed upon Mrs. Lockhart's work-table. The sideboard in the dining-room supported a salver and some other articles of plate

which had belonged to Mrs. Lockhart's family, and which, when she surrendered her maiden name of Fanny Pell, had been included in her modest dowry. For the rest, there was a small collection of books, ranged on some shelves sunk into the wall on either side of the drawing-room mantelpiece; and fastened against the walls were sundry spoils of war, such as swords, helmets and flint-lock muskets, which the Major had brought home from his campaigns. Their stern and battle-worn aspect contrasted markedly with the gentle and quiet demeanor of the dignified old lady who sat at the little table by the window, with her sewing in her hands.

Mrs. Lockhart, as has been already intimated, had been a very lovely girl, and, allowing for the modifications wrought by age, she had not, at sixty-six, lost the essential charm which had distinguished her at sixteen. Her social success had, during four London seasons, been especially brilliant; and, although her fortune was at no time great, she had received many highly eligible offers of marriage; and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had declared her to be "a doosid sweet little creature." She had kept the citadel of her heart through many sieges, and, save on one occasion, it had never known the throb of passion up to the period of her marriage with Lieutenant Lockhart. But, two years previous to that event, being then in her eighteenth year, she had crossed the path of the famous Tom Grantley, who, at four-and-thirty years of age, had not yet passed the meridian of his renown. He was of Irish family and birth, daring, fascinating, generous and dangerous with both men and women; accounted one of the handsomest men in Europe, a fatal duelist, a reckless yet fortunate gambler, a well-nigh irresistible wooer in love, and in political debate an orator of impetuous and captivating eloquence. His presence and bearing were lofty and superb; and he was one of those whose fiat in matters of fashion was law. When only twenty-one years old, he had astonished society by eloping with Edith, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Seabridge, a girl not less remarkable for beauty than for a spirit and courage which were a match for Tom Grantley's own. The Earl had never forgiven this wild marriage, and Tom having already seriously diminished his patrimony by extravagance, the young couple were fain to make a more than passing acquaintance with the seamy side of life. But loss of fortune did not, for them, mean loss either of heart or of mutual love, and during five years of their wedded existence there was nowhere to be found a more devoted husband than Tom Grantley, or a wife more affectionate and loyal than Lady Edith. And when she died, leaving him an only child, it was for some time a question whether Tom would not actually break his heart.

He survived his loss, however, and, having inherited a fresh fortune from a relative, he entered the world again and dazzled it once more. But he was never quite the same man as previously; there was a sternness and bitterness underlying his character which had not formerly been perceptible. During the ensuing ten years he was engaged in no fewer than thirteen duels, in which it was generally understood that the honor of some unlucky lady or other was at stake, and in most of these encounters he either wounded or killed his man. In his thirteenth affair he was himself severely wounded, the rapier of his antagonist penetrating the right lung; the wound healed badly, and probably short-

ened his life by many years, though he did not die until after reaching the age of forty. At the time of his meeting with Fanny Pell he was moving about London, a magnificent wreck of a man, with great melancholy blue eyes, a voice sonorously musical, a manner and address of grave and exquisite courtesy. Gazing upon that face, whose noble beauty was only deepened by the traces it bore of passion and pain, Fanny Pell needed not the stimulus of his ominous reputation to yield him first her awed homage, and afterwards her heart. But Tom, on this occasion, acted in a manner which, we may suppose, did something toward wiping away the stains of his many sins. He had been attracted by the gentle charm of the girl, and for a while he made no scruple about attracting her in turn. There was a maidenly dignity and straightforwardness about Fanny Pell, however, which, while it won upon Grantley far more than did the deliberate and self-conscious fascinations of other women, inspired at the same time an unwonted relenting in his heart. Feeling that here was one who might afford him something vastly deeper and more valuable than the idle pride of conquest and possession with which he was only too familiar, he bethought himself to show his recognition of the worth of that gift in the only way that was open to him—by rejecting it. So, one day, looking down from his majestic height into her lovely girlish face, he said with great gentleness, "My dear Miss Fanny, it has been very kind of you to show so much goodness to a broken-down old scamp like myself, who's old enough to be your father; and faith! I feel like a father to ye, too! Why, if I'd had a little girl instead of a boy, she might have had just such a sweet face as yours, my dear. So you'll not take it ill of me—will ye now!—if I just give you a kiss on the forehead before I go away. Many a woman have I seen and forgotten, who'll

maybe not forget me in a hurry; but your fair eyes and tender voice I never will forget, for they've done more for me than ever a father confessor of 'em all! Good-by, dear child; and if ever any man would do ye wrong—though, sure, no man that has as much heart as a fish would do that—tell him to 'ware Tom Grantley! and as true as there's a God in heaven, and a Tom Grantley on earth, I'll put my bullet through the false skull of him! That's all, my child: only, when ye come to marry some fine honest chap, as soon ye will, don't forget to send for your old friend Tom to come and dance at your wedding."

Poor Fanny felt as if her heart were being taken out of her innocent bosom; but she was by nature so quiet in all her ways, that all she did was to stand with her glistening eyes uplifted towards the splendid gentleman, her lips tremulous, and her little hands hanging folded before her. And Tom, who was but human after all, and had begun to fear that he had undertaken at least as much as he was capable of performing, kissed her, not on her forehead, but on her mouth, and therewith took his leave hurriedly, and without much ceremony. And Fanny never saw him again; but she never forgot him, nor he her; though two years afterwards she married Lieutenant Lockhart, and was a faithful and loving wife to him for five-and-forty years. The honest soldier never thought of asking why she named their first child Tom; and when the child died, and Mrs. Lockhart put on mourning, it never occurred to him that Tom Grantley's having died in the same month of the same year had deepened the folds of his wife's crape. But so it is that the best of us have our secrets, and those who are nearest to us suspect it not.

For the rest, Mrs. Lockhart's life was a sufficiently adventurous and diversified one. War was a busy and a glorious profession



"I TIED THE CARD TO THE GATE ITSELF. 'NOBODY CAN FAIL TO SEE IT.'"



in those days; and the sweet-faced lady accompanied her husband on several of his campaigns, cheerfully enduring any hardships; or awaited his return at home, amidst the more trying hardships of suspense and fear. During that time when the nations paused for a moment to watch France cut off her own head as a preliminary to entering upon a new life, Captain Lockhart (as he was then) and his wife happened to be on that side of the Channel, and saw many terrible historical sights; and the Captain, who was no friend to revolution in any shape, improved an opportunity for doing a vital service for a distinguished French nobleman, bringing the latter safely to England at some risk to his own life. A year or two later Mrs. Lockhart's second child was born, this time a daughter; and then followed a few summers and winters of comparative calm, the monotony of which was only partially relieved by such domestic events as the trial of Warren Hastings, the acting of Kemble and the classic buffoonery of Grimaldi. Then the star of Nelson began to kindle, and Captain Lockhart, reading the news, kindled also, and secretly glanced at his honorable sword hanging upon the wall; yet not so secretly but that his wife detected and interpreted the glance, and kissed her little daughter with a sigh. And it was not long before Arthur Wellesley went to Spain, and Captain Lockhart, along with many thousand other loyal Englishmen, followed him thither; and Mrs. Lockhart and little Marion stayed behind and waited for news. The news that chiefly interested her was that her husband was promoted to be Major for gallant conduct on the field of battle; then that he was wounded; and, finally, that he was coming home. Home he came, accordingly, a glorious invalid; but even this was not to be the end of trouble and glory. England still had need of her best men, and Major Lockhart was among those who were responsible for the imprisonment of the Corsican Ogre in St. Helena. It was between this period and the sudden storm that culminated at Waterloo, that the happiest time of all the married life of the Lockharts was passed. He had saved a fair sum of money, with part of which he bought the house in Hammersmith; and upon the interest of the remainder, in addition to his half-pay, he was able to carry on existence with comfort and respectability. Marion was no longer the odd little creature in short skirts that she had been when the Major kissed her good-by on his departure for the Peninsular War, but a well-grown and high-spirited young lady, with the features of her father, and a character of her own. She was passionately devoted to the gray-haired veteran, and was never tired of listening to his famous histories; of cooking his favorite dishes; of cutting tobacco for his pipe; of sitting on the arm of his chair, with her arm about his neck, and her cheek against his. "Marion has the stuff of a soldier in her," the Major used to declare; whereupon the mother would silently thank Providence that Marion was not a boy. It had only been within the last five or six years that Marion had really believed that she was not, or might not become, a boy after all; a not uncommon hallucination with those who are destined to become more than ordinarily womanly.

When the event occurred which widowed France of her Emperor and Mrs. Lockhart of her husband (much the worst catastrophe of the two, in that lady's opinion), the prospects of the household in Hammersmith seemed in no respect bright. The Major's half-pay ceased with the Major, and the widow's pension was easier to get in theory than in practice. The interest of the small capital was not sufficient by itself to meet the current expenses, though these were conducted upon the most economical scale; and Marion, upon whose shoulders all domestic cares devolved, was presently at her wit's end how to get on. She did all the cooking herself, and much of the washing, though Mrs. Lockhart strongly protested against the latter, because Marion's hands were of remarkably fine shape and texture, being, in fact, her chief beauty from the conventional point of view, and washing would make them red and ugly. Marion affirmed, with more sincerity than is commonly predicable of such sayings, that her hands were made to use, and that she did not care about them except as they were useful; and she went on with her washing in spite of protestations. But even this did not cover deficiencies; and then there was the wardrobe question. Marion, however, pointed out that, in the first place, she had enough clothes on hand to last her for a long time, especially as she had done

growing; and, secondly, that she could easily manage all necessary repairs and additions herself. To this Mrs. Lockhart replied that young ladies must be dressed like young ladies; that good clothes were a necessary tribute to good society; and that in order to be happily and genteelly married, a girl must make the most of her good points, and subdue her bad ones, by the adornments of costume. This was, no doubt, very true; but marriage was a thing which Marion never could hear proposed, even by her own mother, with any patience; and, as a consequence, to use marriage as an argument in support of dress, was to insure the rejection of the argument. Marriage, said Marion, was, to begin with, a thing to which her whole character and temperament were utterly opposed. She was herself too much like a man ever to care for a man, or not to despise him. In the next place, if a girl had not enough in her to win an honest man's love, in spite of any external disadvantages, then the best thing for her would be not to be loved at all. Love, this young dissenter would go on to observe, is something sacred, if it is anything; and so pure and sensitive, that it were infinitely better to forego it altogether than to run the least risk of getting it mixed up with any temporal or expedient considerations. And since, she would add, it seems to be impossible nowadays ever to get love in that unsullied and virginal condition, she for her part intended to give it a wide berth if ever it came in her way—which she was quite sure it never would; because it takes two to make a bargain, and not only would she never be one of the two, but, if she were to be so, she thanked God that she had so ugly a face and so unbecoming a temper that no man would venture to put up with her; unless, perhaps, she were possessed of five or ten thousand a year; from which misfortune it was manifestly the beneficent purpose of Providence to secure her. The upshot of this diatribe was that she did not care how shabby and ungenteel her clothes were, so long as they were clean and covered her; and that even if she could afford to hire a dressmaker, she would still prefer to do her making and mending herself; because no one so well as herself could comprehend what she wanted.

"You should not call yourself ugly, Marion," her mother would reply; "at any rate, you should not think yourself ugly. A girl generally appears to others like what she is in the habit of thinking herself to be. Half the women who are called beauties are not really beautiful; but they have persuaded themselves that they are so, and then other people believe it. People in this world so seldom take the pains to think or to judge for themselves, they take what is given to them. Besides, to think a thing, really does a great deal toward making it come true. If you think you are pretty, you will grow prettier every day. And if you keep on talking about being ugly . . . You have a very striking, intelligent face, my dear, and your smile is very charming indeed."

Marion laughed scornfully. "Believing a lie is not the way to invent truth," she said. "All the imagination in England won't make me different from what I am. Whether I am ugly or not, I'm not a fool, and I shan't give anybody the right to call me one by behaving as if I fancied I were somebody else. I am very well as I am," she continued, wringing out a towel and spreading it out on the clothes-horse to dry. "I should be too jealous and suspicious to make a man happy, and I don't mean to try it. You don't understand that; but you were made to be married, and I wasn't, and that's the reason."

Nevertheless, the income continued to be insufficient, and inroads continued to be made on the capital, much to the friendly distress of Sir Francis Bendibow, the head of the great banking-house of Bendibow Brothers, to whose care the funds of the late Major Lockhart had been entrusted. "The first guinea you withdraw from your capital, my dear madam," he had assured Mrs. Lockhart with his usual manner of impressive courtesy, "represents your first step on the road that leads to bankruptcy." The widow admitted the truth of the maxim; but misfortunes are not always curable in proportion as they are undeniable; though that seemed to be Sir Francis's assumption. Mrs. Lockhart began to suffer from her anxieties. Marion saw this, and was in despair. "What a good-for-nothing thing a woman is!" she exclaimed bitterly. "If I were a man, I would earn our living." She understood something of music, and sang and played with great refinement and expression; but her talent in this direction was natural, not acquired, and she was not

sufficiently grounded in the science of the accomplishment to have any chance of succeeding as a teacher. What was to be done?

"What do you say to selling the house and grounds, and going into lodgings?" she said one day.

"It would help us for a time, but not for always," the mother replied. "Lodgings are so expensive."

"The house is a great deal bigger than we need," said Marion.

"We should be no better off if it were smaller," said Mrs. Lockhart.

There was a long pause. Suddenly Marion jumped to her feet, while the light of inspiration brightened over her face. "Why, mother, what is to prevent us letting our spare rooms to lodgers?" she cried out.

"Oh, that would be impossible!" returned the mother in dismay. "The rooms that your dear father used to live in!"

"That is what we must do," answered Marion firmly; and in the end, as we have seen, that was what they did.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE third of May passed away, and, beyond the hanging up in the window of the card with "Lodgings to Let" written on it, nothing new had happened in the house at Hammersmith. But the exhibition of that card had been to Mrs. Lockhart an event of such momentous and tragic importance, that she did not know whether she were most astonished, relieved, or disappointed that it had produced no perceptible effect upon the outer universe.

"It seems to be of no use," she said to her daughter, while the latter was assisting her in her morning toilet. "Had we not better take down the card, and try to think of something else? Couldn't we keep half a dozen fowls, and sell the eggs?"

"How faint-hearted you are, mother!"

"Besides, even if somebody were to pass here who wanted lodgings, they could never think of looking through the gate; and if they did, I doubt whether they could see the card."

"I have thought of that; and, when I got up this morning, I tied the card to the gate itself. Nobody can fail to see it there."

"Oh, Marion! It is almost as if we were setting up a shop."

"Everybody is more or less a shop-keeper," replied Marion philosophically. "Some people sell rank, others beauty, others cleverness, others their souls to the devil: we might do worse than sell house-room to those who want it."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Bless your dear heart! you'll think nothing of it, once the lodgers are in the house," rejoined the girl, kissing her mother's cheek.

They went down to breakfast: it was a pleasant morning; the sky was a tender blue, and the eastern sunshine shot through the dark limbs of the cedar of Lebanon, and fell in cheerful patches on the floor of the dining-room, and sent a golden shaft across the white breakfast cloth, and sparkled on the silver teapot—the same teapot in which Fanny Pell had once made tea for handsome Tom Grantley in the year 1768. Marion was in high spirits: at all events, she adopted a lightsome tone, in contrast to her usual somewhat grave preoccupation. She was determined to make her mother smile.

"This is our last solitary breakfast," she declared. "To-morrow morning we shall sit down four to table. There will be a fine old gentleman for me, and a handsome young man for you; for anybody would take you to be the younger of us two. The old gentleman will be impressed with my masculine understanding and knowledge of the world; we shall talk philosophy, and history, and politics; he will finally confess to a more than friendly interest in me; but I shall stop him there, and remind him that, for persons of our age, it is most prudent not to marry. He will allow himself to be persuaded on that point; but he has a vast fortune, and he will secretly make his will in my favor. Your young gentleman will be of gentle blood, a sentimentalist and an artist; his father will have been in love with you; the son will have the good taste to inherit the passion; he will entreat you to let him paint your portrait; but, if he becomes too pressing in his attentions, I shall feel it my duty to take him aside, and admonish him like a mother. He will be so mortally afraid of me, that I shall have no difficulty in managing him. In the course of a year or two—"

"Is not that somebody? I'm sure I heard!"

"La, mother, don't look so scared!" cried

Marion, laughing, but coloring vividly: "it can't be anything worse than an executioner with a warrant for our arrest." She turned in her chair, and looked through the window and across the grass-plot to the gate.

"There is somebody—two gentlemen—just as I said: one old and the other young."

"Are you serious, Marion?" said the widow, interlacing her fingers across her breast, while her lips trembled.

"They are reading the card: the old one is holding a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses across his nose. Now they are looking through the gate at the house: the young one is saying something, and the other is smiling and taking snuff. The young one has a small head, but his eyes are big, and he has broad shoulders: he looks like an artist, just as I said. The old one stoops a little and is ugly; but I like his face—it's honest. He doesn't seem to be very rich, though; his coat is very old-fashioned. Oh, they are going away!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Lockhart fervently.

"No, they are coming back—they are coming in: the young one is opening the gate. Here they come: that young fellow is certainly very handsome. There!"

A double knock sounded through the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OIL on troubled waters has been of theoretical rather than practical application, until the beginning of March, when a curious experiment was made by Mr. John Shields of Perth, England. Peterhead was chosen as a suitable working point, and pipes were laid from the beach into the sea at the entrance to the harbor. A force pump was attached to the land end of the piping, and near it a barrel with 100 gallons of oil. On March 1st, the waves running from ten to twenty feet high, the pump was put in motion, Mr. Shields and various shipmasters looking on. As the oil gradually rose from the bottom the white foam disappeared, and though the swell remained the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth, so that either ship or small boat could have entered the dock with perfect safety. Harbor-boards are discussing the marvel and may adopt its use in heavy storms.

HERBARIUMS as a rule can hardly be regarded as particularly exciting to any but the specialist, but one recently formed from flowers over thirty-five centuries old is of more interest. Two garlands were taken from the body of Aames I, composed of leaves of the Egyptian willow, folded twice and sewed side by side along a branch of the date-palm. In the folds or clasps thus formed separate flowers were placed of four or five varieties. The garlands of the other kings contained flowers of *Carthamus tinctorius*, and leaves of the common water-melon were also found on another mummy. Dr. Schweinfurth preserved many by moistening them, putting them into alcohol, and then spreading them out to dry. The color of one or two varieties was perfectly preserved, and they are all examples of both wild and cultivated flowers continuing for many centuries without alteration.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Very nearly one hundred years ago the question of a Panama Canal was seriously discussed between this Government and France. In 1786 Jefferson made an elaborate argument, proving to the French authorities that the construction of such a canal would destroy the Gulf Stream, and utterly ruin the Northern coasts of Europe and North America. He quoted Dr. Franklin to prove that the Gulf Stream would pour into the Pacific, leaving general desolation behind, and the argument seems to have been effectual. And now comes Prof. James Geike, who proves that the construction of the Panama Canal would have as much effect on the climate of Northwestern Europe as the emptying a teapot of hot water in the Arctic Ocean would have in raising the temperature of Greenland.

THE statistical department at Vienna has by means of official returns reached some interesting conclusions in regard to the comparative longevity of men and women. Out of 102,831 persons who had exceeded the age of ninety, 60,303 were women and 42,528 men. Women also seem to run a greater chance of reaching a hundred years. Thus in Italy there were found 241 female centenarians for 141 male, and in Austria 229 for 183 men. In Austria also 7.5 per cent. of the entire population are sexagenarians.





MRS. BLOSSOM'S FISH-BALLS.

THEY had been married five months and not once since the wedding tour ended and the pair came home to their own house, chosen a good three miles out, that a "stretcher" might open and end each day of bending over a desk, had Mrs. Blossom failed to appear at the same moment and in the same place for her share in the glow and general excitement of said "stretcher." It had involved leaving off high heels and adopting broad, low ones, and sundry other small reforms in dress had been the result of the daily quickstep, very different from the saunter known to her girlhood as a "constitutional," but Mrs. Blossom made no complaint.

To-day there were no signs of the trim figure coming swiftly toward him, and Mr. Blossom hurried on a little anxious, and deciding at last that company must have come in. The house was silent as he turned the latch key, and after a look into the parlor and dining-room ran up stairs and down again as he encountered only empty rooms.

"Out," he said rather discontentedly; then listening for a moment as his name seemed to sound faintly from the end of the hall. A narrow passage shut off kitchen from the rest of the house, but doors were open and he made his way on, pausing in astonishment as he saw his wife shrouded in a kitchen apron and drowned in tears.

"What is it, my darling?" he cried, with a rush toward her.

"Don't touch me!" shrieked Mrs. Blossom. "I'm all over everything, and oh, Henry, I'm such an idiot!"

"You are not!" said Mr. Blossom indignantly. "I wish to know what the matter is?"

"It is this awful receipt," said Mrs. Blossom, pointing to a scrap of paper set up against a tin pan for reference. "I found it in the *Herald*, and you know how you've wanted some fish-balls, and I let Hannah go out, and meant to make some for a surprise. See here. What do they look like?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Blossom dejectedly, after a look into the pan pointed out, "unless it might be codfish custard. I don't see any balls. There's a great deal, isn't there?"

"I should think there was," said Mrs. Blossom with another burst. "But how was I to know? It said, 'Cut codfish in small bits and remove every piece of bone.' How was I to know just how much? I took a piece and did just that. Then it was to soak in cold water an hour and be rinsed, and then boil for twenty-five minutes, and I did that, and brought down my plaque and painted while I was waiting. Then it said 'season with milk, butter and eggs,' and I poured away the water and put in a cup of milk and a piece of butter, and of course eggs meant two or three, and they're awfully high and I knew Hannah would scold, but I put in three, and then the butter wouldn't melt, but just went sailing round, so I put it on the fire to get hot, and as soon as it boiled it all thickened up, and I had to put in more milk to bring it back to what it looked like in the first place. Then it said, 'Mix with it double the quantity of boiled potatoes.' I got out all the cold ones, but they flew all round when I tried to mash them, and there weren't near enough. I knew there wouldn't be time to boil more because you would be here; and it said too, 'add milk or cream to give the desired amount of moisture.' There's six times the 'desired amount' now, and it would take every potato we've got in the house to soak it up, and we never in the world could eat it all. But I've done just exactly what the rule said, and oh, dear, what shall I do? I wanted to find out before you got here, but I know I am truly a fool."

Once more Mrs. Blossom dissolved and hid her face in the kitchen apron. Mr. Blossom eyed the mixture a moment, then took the pan, walked calmly to the back porch, emptied the contents into the ash-trin and returned to his wife.

"Now," he said with great cheerfulness, "if you burn up the potatoes there won't be anything left to give any clue to Hannah, and you won't need to try again till somebody shows you how."

"But Henry," gasped Mrs. Blossom, "eggs are five cents apiece, and you know how I'm trying to be economical."

"I don't care if they're fifty cents apiece," said Mr. Blossom. "I won't have fifty dollars' worth of feeling spent on a fraud. Of course it's a fraud. I've always heard that nobody could depend on cook books, and now I know it. Ask somebody that knows."

"Oh, but they're not a fraud at all," Mrs. Blossom interrupted. "I'm the fraud for not having a good one and for trusting so to Hannah that I never go near the kitchen. I've made up my mind now. It's a burning shame and a scandalous disgrace to have a house and feel all the time as if it were an infernal machine and would go off if Hannah left it a moment. Suppose she should get married. Why didn't somebody teach me in time?"

"I thought it came naturally," said Mr. Blossom reflectively. "Do you have to learn?"

"Yes, you have to learn," returned Mrs. Blossom with a groan, and went up stairs to bathe her eyes.

That was two years ago. I am Mrs. Blossom's next-door neighbor, and from having in the beginning regarded the young couple as a pair of pleasing incompetents where every day necessities were concerned, have come to a very solid respect for both. Their adventures and misadventures would fill a volume, but difficulties have been conquered, and it may be added that Mrs. Blossom's receipt for fish balls, given below in full, is the pride and delight of the entire neighborhood.

## SALT COD.

SALT cod under the usual treatment is second only to cabbage in its capacity for penetrating every nook and corner of the house, the rank, aggressive smell being a strong argument against its use with many who would like it were not its preparation a nuisance to every one concerned. Yet the oldest and driest cod can be brought to terms and nobody in the house the wiser if only the proper method be followed, though in these days of both boneless and desiccated cod there is no occasion for buying the whole fish. It is true that the latter is cheaper, but when the loss of skin and bone is considered, the boneless, from which both have been removed, and which is put up now in neat five-pound boxes, is not only the most economical for a small family but decidedly more pleasant to handle. The desiccated cod, while a convenient form, is often prepared from inferior fish and is so intensely salt as to have parted with most of its real nourishment.

The method of preparation is the same for the whole or for the boneless fish, the latter, however, requiring less cooking. Cover both with cold water and soak over night. In the morning pour off this water and put over the fire with fresh, bringing the fish to boiling point and then removing it to the back of the stove, where it can simply simmer but never boil. That simmering means as actual boiling as when the pot lid dances and a cloud of steam fills the room, is something no average Biddy will admit, and no matter how often proved,

"Convinced against her will  
She's of the same opinion still."

Yet it is this method of boiling that sends the rank, offensive steam through the whole house and has given salt cod the bad name that has banished it almost altogether from many tables.

Simmering is the essential point. Cod-fish dry from age will require not less than three and often five or six hours. The boneless will cook in from half an hour to an hour. If to be served as a dinner dish bones and skin should be removed from the former kind as much as possible without breaking it too much; the platter should be hot, and the appearance of the dish is greatly improved by garnishing with slices of red beet and sprigs of parsley, while the fish itself is covered with egg sauce. It is better, however, as a breakfast dish, and whether as hash, fish-balls, scallop or in any of its many forms, is both savory and nutritious. It requires chopping finely and thoroughly, two pounds of the boneless fish making a little over a pint of the chopped.

## MRS. BLOSSOM'S FISH-BALLS.

ONE pint of fish chopped as finely as possible, six large or eight medium-sized potatoes, boiled and mashed fine while hot. Add to them one tablespoonful of butter, half a cup of milk and half a teaspoonful of white pepper and one well-beaten egg. Fish varies so much in saltiness that after it has been added to the potato it is best to taste the mixture and judge if more is required. When thoroughly mixed make into small flat balls, and after flouring them well fry a bright brown in sweet dripping. A still

more delicate ball is made by dipping them first in beaten egg, then in crumbs, and frying like croquettes, but when eggs are high the first method will answer. Fat, if cooled and strained after using into a small jar, can be used many times, and a thing is never perfectly free from fat unless it is immersed in it when at actual boiling point. A perfectly fried croquette, rissole, fish ball or potato should be so dry and free from grease as not to soil the napkin it may be served on, and while many Mrs. Blossoms have objected strenuously on the score of extravagance, it is really less extravagant and far more healthful than where a smaller quantity is used and absorbed.



THE SMALL COIN OF THE SOCIAL EXCHANGE.

A LETTER has come to me in which I am especially interested, since it opens a fruitful field for thought and discussion. It expresses the desire of a person, well educated from a scholastic and scientific point of view, to know by what course of training he can arrive at ease and grace of expression—at the little *nuances* of language which give polish to conversation—the *evening dress* of thought, let us say, which adorns it for polite society.

What books shall he read? What models shall he study?

Also he would fain write "beautiful letters"—but that art comes not forth by prayer and fasting, and is not the fruit of study. To write a *correct* letter is in the power of any reasonably well-educated person; but the art to write a letter such as the famous letter writers of the world have bequeathed to us is as rare a gift of nature as the ability to write an absorbing tale or a noble poem.

My unknown correspondent is thirty—he has been a solitary student, it seems, rather than a lounge in ladies' drawing-rooms—and now, perhaps, he has "struck oil," or inherited a fortune, or, better yet, made one; and he fain would disport himself somewhat in the world of fashion. "Will books help me?" he asks, "and what books shall I read?"

Will my counsel be considered frivolous, I wonder? To begin with, I should advise him to read good novels. Nothing save actual social experience can completely give one the habit and tone of good society; but unquestionably the books that would most aid him in this direction are the works of our best novelists. I am supposing that he has already a tolerable acquaintance with the history of nations and the literature which is classic. He knows his mythology, and will not confound Hercules with Apollo, as did an unhappy youth whom I met once in a gallery of sculpture. With the solid background of a good school education he can gain more ideas that will help him socially from modern novels than from any other books whatever. What grave historian has reproduced the social manners and customs of his time half so faithfully as Miss Austin presents to us the domestic and social life of the middle class of England which she knew? A course of Anthony Trollope is as good as a London season; and surely Howells and James and Mrs. Burnett have lifted the *portières* of our own drawing-rooms and shown us very clearly what is going on inside.

The next best thing to being deeply learned is to be what Gail Hamilton calls "well-smattered," and one gets a smattering of almost everything from the modern novel. Its heroines live up to their blue china more faithfully than the people we meet in actual life, and they are very good acquaintances for the novitiate of a social aspirant. To be at ease in any circle, it is necessary to understand its language—its cant phrases—the dialect in which it discusses art and literature and music—its well-bred slang, for there is a well-bred slang, and one may surely venture to defend its limited usefulness, since Emerson has set the example.

If I were a man of thirty, with a tolerable education, but without the self-possession and *aplomb* given by familiarity with society, I would begin with good modern novels. Dickens and Thackeray have created whole galleries of characters so familiar to the acquaintance of everybody that not to be familiar with them would be as awkward as not to know who discovered America. My unknown correspondent, no doubt, already knows them well; but there

are scores of clever society novelists writing to-day, any of whose books it would be worth his while to read.

Also I would read, if I were he, the best short poems of the best modern poets. I would make myself familiar with the biographies of literary men and women which are just now a sort of fashion of literature; and with the works in which art and artists are briefly and comprehensively treated. Meantime, I would use every opportunity that offered itself for going into really good society. There is something to be acquired by conversation with well-bred people which can be obtained in no other way. Thank heaven there are women left still of whom the stately old compliment might be repeated—"To know her is a liberal education." As Emerson says, in his essay upon "Manners":

"Are there not women who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we never thought to have said. For once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets and write out in many-colored words the romance that you are."

Nor does the loftiness of this praise over-top the social value of the right kind of woman. If a woman who is at once wise and witty, who is herself at home in society and familiar with its shibboleths, will be good enough to let you be her friend, then, indeed, your social training is assured, your success a foregone conclusion. She will be the brightest and best of guides through the mazes of social life, and he who is thus piloted need fear no hidden rocks. But a friend of this kind is harder to find than four-leafed clover; and I must confess she is more likely to be found by the man who does not need her than by him who does. Women hate to be bored, and he who would please must, first of all, be pleasing. He must have a certain amount of subtlety of perception.

There are women who are themselves not fluent and who love to be talked to, to be spared the trouble of "making conversation." With these women it is the ready talker who finds favor. But there is a class of women quite as large who love to talk, and to them it is the good listener who is welcome. Now I am not going to propose social martyrdom. I shall not advise the man who burns to utter his thronging thoughts to transform himself into the patient listener. No—but let him choose his audience with discretion. Madame Récamier liked to be talked to, and was so sympathetic a listener that I have always believed that was the chiefest of her charms; but he would have been a bold man who would have interfered with the flow of Madame de Staël's eloquence and tried to drown her persistent treble with his bass. If, then, you love to talk, pass by the Madame de Staëls with a bow and find a seat beside the Récamiers.

I remember meeting once at a party one of the ablest and most brilliant of our American literary women. In her own house I had heard her talk as if she were inspired, and yet on this night of which I speak I beheld her with amazement sitting quite by herself in the corner of a sofa. I went over and sat down by her.

"You are defrauding people," I said. "It is selfish of you not to talk."

"No," she answered, "I have nothing for them that they want. I have some bank bills but no small change."

And after all it is small change rather than bank bills that society requires. I am sure that he whose letter was my text has bank bills enough; I have been suggesting to him where to find the small coin.

## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

I RECEIVE various letters which beg for an answer in the next number of "OUR CONTINENT." I regret that this should be a request with which it is never possible to comply, since the large circulation of "OUR CONTINENT" requires that it should be printed some time in advance of its publication. Our readers may be sure, however, that all their inquiries will in due time be considered and replied to, unless the answer has been already given in some other portion of this series of papers.

"Within how many days must an invitation to a silver wedding, marked R. S. V. P., be replied to, and should the present intended to be given be sent with the acceptance or later? Also, may a bonnet be worn if one intends to remain but a short time, and should a gentleman wear a white or black (sic) coat?"

I think my correspondent must mean the instead of coat. A man should wear to an evening reception a dress coat and a white or black tie, as he prefers. A lady may wear an opera hat if she pleases, or go in full dress. An invitation marked R. S. V. P. should be replied to at once, but the present may be sent at any time before the day named in the invitation, as is most convenient.





THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD.

Oh, where to find the winged word  
To paint thy arrowy flight;  
A quivering flame, by swift breath stirred,  
Shot in a jeweled light!

Art messenger from Fairy-land,  
And 'neath thy gauzy wing  
Bear'st dainty wording of command  
Or tiny offering?

Tell us, oh, creature of the sun,  
Born of its brightest rays,  
Tell us where fairy feet o'errun  
The happy woodland ways!

Ah! tell us of the secret nook  
Where fairy courts convene;  
By wild-rose hedge, or tranced brook,  
Or shadowy ravine.

Or seekest some enchanted flower,  
Within whose wondrous cell  
All honeyed sweets—a golden shower—  
Mingle a fairy spell?

Is it far off, in some bright land,  
Where warm the south winds blow,  
Where sun and shower, with mystic wand,  
Their linked sweetness throw?

Thy flashing course, so sure, so fleet,  
Faded on my eager sight  
Like hints of joy, all incomplete,  
Lost in a rosy light.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

## MRS. COLONEL COYOTE CLARK.

So much has been said to me in person and by letter concerning my disreputable friend Col. Coyote Clark, of the first number of "OUR CONTINENT," that I cannot refrain from telling the story of his wife also—as unlike the ordinary run of our species in her way as the Colonel was in his.

She must have begun by being as much of an extraordinary child as she afterwards was a woman, for she ran away with and was married to an equally enterprising youth when she was little over twelve years of age. "My dear Mrs. Hampton," her husband would say to their next door neighbor when he went off on his affairs, "I wish you would keep an eye on Sophronia while she is playing with your children to-day. Soph, as you know, is up to almost anything."

"And she was a beauty in her way," old Mrs. Hampton would say long afterward. "Not that she was round and rosy. She could not have weighed over eighty pounds then, and was thin and spare, flaxen headed, blue eyed, waxen faced, just like a coon in her smart ways, always chattering, laughing, climbing fences, shaking down peaches hidden way up in the tops of the tallest trees—a regular torn-down piece if ever there was one. I ought never to have let her play with my girls, never; but when her husband was gone you could no more keep her out of the house than you could a cat. Always playing tricks upon somebody, dashing across the pasture on a bare-backed colt, teasing the calves, deviling the dogs, running down our turkeys. Oh, but she was a little minx!"

I do not know how old she was when Col. Coyote Clark first fell in with her, fell desperately in love with the little panther, shot her husband in the end, ran off with and afterward married her. "He objected to me," the Colonel explained of her husband, "and had the first shot at me. Somehow I contrived to dodge his shots, but I had to kill him or be killed."

All that was years before I knew the parties. When she began to come to my church I knew her only as the mother of a house full of children, a pallid-faced, serious-eyed, somewhat mournful-visaged woman, very graceful, with a singularly pleasing smile, and the gentle bearing of an injured lady, very low and sweet of speech. There were rumors in the air which caused us to be very slow in admitting her to the

church. It may be she did not understand our rules, perhaps it was because she had always had her way with the sinuous silence of a gliding snake, but she took a front seat dressed in sad-colored silk among our communicants at the first communion afterward. I do not see how Mr. Brown, the oldest of our elders, could have had the heart to do it, she was weeping so pitifully yet noiselessly as she sat; but he stole into the seat behind her before the service was more than begun, whispered in her ear and she very quietly withdrew to the back pews, and did not offer to partake of the bread and wine.

"All she is after, Mr. Brown said, 'is to creep through us into good society.' 'You don't understand her any more than you do her disreputable husband,' all the elders argued with me. I was indignant at their hardheartedness, talked to them at length in regard to the Magdalen and had my own way about her.

"We saw how you hated to receive her," the ladies of the church said to me after my announcement of her reception from the pulpit. "The paper shook in your hands, they trembled so; oh, I saw that!" Mrs. Brown added. She was dreadfully mistaken, and it was only at my entreaty that some of them called on her afterward. None were more faithful attendants at church than her children, her husband and herself, but if she returned any of the calls made on her I never heard of it.

In some respects women are to men as if they were a wholly different species. After half a century of intimate association with them Talleyrand said, "I do not even pretend to know anything about them." I suppose they know each other better than men do; for I could not induce a lady in my church to believe in the sincerity of Mrs. Clark then or ever after.

"I do not inquire into her past," I remonstrated with them; "but I cannot see how you have the heart to distrust her as you do. No woman could seem to be more modest, unassuming than she is. The pitiful gentleness of Mrs. Clark, the sincere interest she takes in everything connected with our society, the very tears on her wasted cheeks should speak for her. Take her by the hand, encourage her, give her your entire confidence, and you will see that I am right. I am astonished that you should hesitate!"

"Are you?" they replied in chorus, and I had no more desire to argue with them than they had to discuss the question with me. Secretly I was a little afraid of Mrs. Clark myself.

One afternoon she came to me in grievous distress. Her husband had been killed in a street fight by this time; in one way or another her children, with the exception of Rosina, had died or been killed or had run away. They had always been as wild as so many quails, there being small control over them from their birth. Only Rosina remained at home in a household fallen into general decay, apparently not an unbroken cup, saucer, parlor vase, chair or sofa on the premises.

"Please tell me what to do?" she begged of me. "Rosina ran away a few days ago with a young fellow. I had them brought back. They are at my house now. Please come and see what you can do with them."

When I reached the house I took the young lover off in a room to himself. "I had no notion of marrying Rosy," he explained to me. "I mean not now. I haven't made enough yet to live on. It was her idea. She is a mighty bright girl you know; looks like her mother, and takes after her. It was her idea, sir. She told me she couldn't stand it at home any longer. I don't think people understand her mother; I don't. Rosy does, and it was her who got me into the scrape."

"But do you love her? Are you willing to marry her?" I asked of the bewildered youth.

"Oh, yes; of course," he said in a defiant way; "Oh, yes; I'm willing. I don't see where the bread and butter is to come from; but oh, yes, I'll risk it!"

"It was the funniest thing!" Rosina told me when I had her off to herself. "I got out of the back window about midnight. I had to slide down the roof of the kitchen, and Rufe he was there with a buggy. I had packed all my things in a trunk and lowered it down to Rufe with a clothes line before I came down. Rufe strapped it on behind the buggy with the rope, and we started. It was dark as pitch and pouring down rain. We did not care; Rufe and I liked it!" and she laughed. She was as ignorant as a girl could well be, but was very pretty and "full of her fun," as her mother had often told me.

"And you got into a creek?" I asked.

"Mother told you, did she? It was the funniest thing!" she laughed. "We did not think about it once. We might have known the rains would have put the creek up, but we did not care. Rufe gave the horse a cut with the whip—no, he drove and I had the whip. I knew my mother would have Major Prince after us." At the mention of the name the eyes of the poor girl fell to the floor and she ceased to laugh. She was not sixteen, and I was puzzled at her sudden seriousness. When she lifted her eyes to mine I saw the color slowly suffuse her face and neck in a way I could not comprehend.

"And Major Prince did come after you then?"

"Yes; mother heard us drive off; had him found and sent him after us as hard as he could drive. I thought I heard him coming up behind and I gave the horse a good cut as we drove down into the bottom. It was so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face. And it was so funny!" she laughed. "The creek was booming. In we went. The creek was swimming. How we got out I don't know, but we kept on through. Oh, but I got wet!" and she laughed more merrily than ever. "When Rufe came to look the trunk was gone. The creek had swept it down stream. Somebody found it next day lodged against the brush a mile away. My name was on it and they sent it here to-day on an ox-cart. It's up stairs now. It was full of water, and you ought to see the mess my things are in! This is one of mother's gowns I've got on." She called my attention to it with outspread hands, and gave way to her merriment like the child she was.

"And Major Prince caught you?"

"At the house on the other side of the creek. The horse broke the shafts in getting out. My trunk was gone, there was no way to ride. I told Rufe I could walk if he would, but he said I was too wet to walk. Yes, the Major brought us back in his two-horse buggy."

"And you are willing to marry your lover?"

"Yes; that was what we ran away for. My mother ran off with a man when she was a girl. Eliza ran away too, you remember. She couldn't stand it any more than I could," and the laughter was gone. Her eyes were dry and fierce. "No girl could stand it."

"Stand what?"

She looked at me suddenly and said nothing, only blushed. "I don't believe you know anything about my mother," she said after awhile. But I was saying to myself, "Who can know anybody or understand anything?"

There was but one thing to do. I called in the lover and the mother and married the runaways. I doubt if they could remember a moment after a word of what I said during the ceremony.

"Rufe and I are going to his people for a month," she informed me when I shook hands at parting. "I can't stand it!" she said, and I saw that her mother had not kissed her; she seemed to be afraid of her, seemed, shrinking to herself in a corner, to be strangely shy of her daughter.

All this took place in a new town in a very new southwestern State, but there were many excellent households there, and schools, churches and good society. The family was the result of generations going before, generations like it, perhaps worse. There was an essential wildness about it. "It is like," I said to myself as I glanced over the forlorn rooms, the carpets torn, the hair-cloth of sofa and chairs worn out, the few ornaments of the mantel broken—"it is like a ragged blackberry patch among the mountains."

A month after that a little negro girl came running after me as I rode by the neglected-looking place. Her mistress wanted to see me; but it was the returned bride, not her mother.

"We are only just come back," she said to me, her hair and dress in disorder, her face red with weeping.

"How is your mother?" I asked as I shook hands. The reply came in a storm of tears:

"She isn't my mother! She isn't fit to be a mother for anybody. Yesterday she ran away with that red-faced, broken-nosed Major Prince, and she hasn't gone to get married either. I could kill her! She isn't my mother! It makes it so much worse for Rufe too. We talked all the time we were gone what we would do for her when we got back, how I would try and be a sort of mother to her. You never knew her—she is so soft and sorrowful; but she is the worst woman that ever lived! How I do hate her!"

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

## BOOK NOTES.

"ESAU RUNSWICK," by Catharine Macquoid, is republished by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and possesses just enough of merit to make one wish that it had more.

"DARE," by Mary W. Glascock, from the press of the California Publishing Company, San Francisco, is a little volume of which the heroine, Dare Brent, is a Pacific coast edition of the preternaturally bright girl who quotes Latin which is sometimes mangled in the printing and left uncorrected in the proof, paints, cooks, laughs, sneers, is the unattractive fairy and the indispensable goblin of a family circle composed of many sisters, a scapegrace brother and a widowed mother who is ready to die to save appearances. Dartmore, the counterbalancing character to Dare, is strongly drawn. The descriptions in the volume are weak and commonplace. The conversations are of the learned, epigrammatic, philosophical sort, now so frequently found in the mouths of our young heroines. It is evident that the impulsive and wayward California girl, even in her teens, has exhausted the stores of ancient learning and waded through seas of modern philosophy that few of our ripest scholars have dared to attempt. Yet the volume is an enjoyable one, and the sentiment it contains is healthy and lifelike.

"MOODS," the earliest, least successful, but really best of Louise M. Alcott's novels, has been republished by Roberts Brothers. It seems from the preface that the former edition suffered a not unusual mutilation to meet the demands of the publisher. It is rather strange that the publisher always knows exactly what a book ought and ought not to contain. He glances through a story upon which an author has bestowed his utmost care and attention and off-hand declares that the most radical changes must be made in order to secure its success. This being done the entire harmony of the work is destroyed, its coherence and significance lost. Then when the work proves a failure the publisher turns savagely upon the author and declares that no one can guess the public taste. It is undoubtedly true that the poorest judge of the public need is the very man who is forever catering to it—the publisher. Because one writer's novel is a success he fondly hopes to make another's a like success by giving it a shadowy resemblance to some immaterial peculiarity of the former. It is pleasant to see Mrs. Alcott recur in her preface with loyal devotion to this first of her literary children. "I wish," she says, "to give my first novel, with all its imperfections on its head, a place among its more successful sisters, for into it went the life, liberty and enthusiasm that no later book can possess." Although not born under a fortunate star, and having throughout its pages a flavor somewhat unpleasant to the moral sense, it yet verifies the author's judgment and is well worth the attention of every lover of her bright works.

"IN THE DISTANCE," by George Parsons Lathrop, just issued by James R. Osgood & Co., has the merits and demerits of the class to which it belongs, which may be termed the modern conventional novel. There is in it no attempt to trace development of character. It is simply a section taken out of a group of lives which are for a short time thrown into juxtaposition, for the purpose of making out of the momentarily contrasted lines and shadows a dramatic picture. A Yankee professor's daughter, her three lovers, her father, a female companion for proprieties' sake, and the degraded sister of the favorite lover are thrown together upon the slopes of Monadnock during the summer vacation. The mountain's majestic figure, seen through a cleft in distant hills, gives the name to the book. It is a magnificent stage for a domestic drama, and it would seem as if the characters chosen afforded abundant material, yet it is not a success. It is a clean and honest volume. The author has evidently tried to model his work upon that of the James-Howells school without that wonderful power of magnifying trifles, which is so great an element in Mr. Howells' success, and without Mr. James' capacity to make his characters interest us in endless self-analysis. The descriptions both of individuals and of scenery are bright and pleasant. Only once, when the hero rushes through a wood after the altercation with his rival, does the author seem to have gone below the surface of material nature. His trees are painted trees, his rocks are painted rocks, and the brooks that babble along their beds do so to order. The same is true of his characters. They are like the men and women of the region he describes. No fault can be found with the descriptions given, only they are dead men and women. The reader does not gather the idea that they are real, living, breathing personages. We see the similarity, we catch the likeness, but we never dream that they are alive. In one respect, however, this volume is to be commended. It does not minify human life. The lover's agony is not made to turn upon a question of dress or pronunciation. The trifles of life are not magnified into its most important features. Love, home, truth, a purpose to do good and an honest work are the elements that go to make up the characters for which the author seeks to awaken our esteem and admiration.

GENIUS will study; it is that in the mind which does study, that is the very nature of it.—*Decey*.





## FROM LOBBY TO PEAK.

### A ROLLING SCREEN.

We had occasion in a previous paper to speak of folding-doors—of what might possibly be done to relieve their baldness, and by what devices the great opening which belongs to them might wear decorative treatment. We have now before us, in the larger of the two drawings, another opening of some six feet in width, serving as a passage-way from the library to parlor; it is needed also for free circulation of air, and needed for good distribution of light. But there are times, too, when it is needful to close this aperture for the purpose of securing privacy in one room or the other, yet without entire exclusion of the light.

A good case, one might say, for an ordinary pair of doors with their upper halves glazed and opening in the usual matter-of-fact way. But in the present instance—the opening being near a corner—such doors, opened most whiles, would occupy needed space; nor could they be so deftly, and quietly, and unobtrusively closed, as a sudden influx of visitors to the parlor might make desirable.

Why not then the ordinary sliding folding-doors? Partly for the reason last named, and more urgently because the opening being near a corner there would be only one way of sliding, and still more urgently because the partition with which we have to deal here is a solid eight-inch brick wall. What then? An adjustment of great convenience is needed which cannot be met in the usual conventional ways. Is it not a capital occasion to over-leap conventionalities and set about the accomplishment of a desired purpose in the most simple and effective way without regard to the fashions of the *modistes* in house-furnishings?

Hence has come, for the needs set forth, that rolling screen which is somewhat rudely figured in the larger drawing. Its wheels, its hanging and its mode of adjustment are as simple and as practical as the hanging of a barn-door; and if good and sound and little liable to dislocation in such humble and overworked connection, why not good and commendable, on occasions, in the privacy of home? Of course we would by no means advocate the transfer of the rattling iron trucks, and their paraphernalia of iron rails, from the stable to the house; but if convenience and the limitations of any particular apartment suggest this wheel method of moving door or screen, is there any good reason against showing frankly and decorously as we can the wheels by which the easy movement sought is effected? It is all in the line of that honest show of constructive features of which we have already dropped a hint or two in our mention of pulleys and weights, and which in the comparatively old times of decorative talk made us welcome the best and sterlingest things in what was called the Eastlake furniture. 'Tis in the line too of the same large honesty which makes the exposure of the real grain of the wood (showing nature's constructive processes) commendable to all tasteful persons.

We observe indeed that Mr. Morris in his recent and most agreeable "Hopes and Fears for Art" (perhaps a little overweighted on the sentimental side) declares for covering up "deal" with paint, because the English deal has no beautiful tint of its own. It is true indeed that the hybrid firs and pines which make up most of what is called deal in England are without much character, certainly have far less than the white pine (*Strobus*) of our ordinary carpentry. This latter indeed, if adroitly chosen from the second cuts or sawings next the exterior surface, shows beautiful convolutions of fibre which it were a sin to cover with heavy pigments. But whether deal or pine is subject of treatment, there are abundant transparent stains which may serve for multiplication of tints without obscuring that fibrous structure of the wood which gives it life and character.

Nothing can be more certain, we think, in regard to all decorative processes, as well as all good architecture, that as we ripen to best accomplishment, constructive details, however homely or however common, will be more and more honestly declared, and imitations and concealments and pretences go down. Good builders know how to make a water conductor upon the exterior of a house contributory to architectural effect, and far away back the water-spouts from the roof leads, under the name of gargoyles, gave charming play to Gothic fancies. Would it be very astonishing if some day water-pipes within doors were put into decorative twists, or

if gas-pipes or electric conductors showed their contours and serpent heads darting out jets of flame from shapely coils?

To such decorative times (if they ever come) will be

long good honest hinges—of forged work maybe—in place of the cast butts which are best when most hidden, and an iron grip will be put upon the door frame which shall certify to strength and good service, and which by its varying fashion shall pique the ingenuity and the art instincts of the workers in metal. Locks and latches will not be hidden in the thickness of the plank, but show delicate forged work and that ornamentation which, when applied to necessary every-day fixtures like these, is most engaging and most surely and helpfully decorative.

We come back now to our Screen: if it runs on wheels, as represented, there can be no good reason—whatever may be true of locks or hinges or pipes—for burying the wheels out of sight. Indeed in the present instance there is a very good reason for keeping them in sight, since their treatment, by which they are made to simulate an old-fashioned spinning-wheel, makes them mate admirably with the Japanese decorative whirls which appear upon the surface over which they travel, and with the kindred whirls of ornamentation (not shown in the drawing) which upon a golden ground play with a whimsical vagrancy over the whole stretch of frieze.

We observe again that this screen above the height of the dado is filled with ordinary glass of irregularly shaped rectangular panes (with other surroundings, a brilliant mosaic might supply its place), and this glass is shot over with a tracery of vines in some transparent pigment—perhaps some fantasy of spiders' webs across the angles, mingling with the loose vine tracery, neither of these being very distinct, and only taking decided form when the screen is drawn against the wall, whereon all this tracery of the glass is repeated in stronger color, in such way as to double the picture, line by line and tint by tint, so that a withdrawal of the screen across the opening does in fact unrip, or split, this vine picturing on glass and wall, showing then a transparent, filmy tracery on the glass, against the parlor light beyond, and on the wall a corresponding tracery in deeper tint. A light Japanese silken curtain is attached to the screen by brass rod and rings, and when extended over the glass (as in the drawing) hides the details we have brought to notice.

The lesser of the two drawings shows a heavier curtain, partially covering a window, whose glare has been still further subdued by the painted transom against its upper quarter. Upon this fixed and smaller glass screen are observable again the Japanese whirls of figure which link it agreeably with the frieze already mentioned. The little book-loving maiden below is seated in a chair to which it may be worth while to call attention as a type of the New England easy-chair of the middle of the last century, its fashioning being very homely, yet not unpicturesque, and its seat and back being formed by one continuous and sloping stretch of stout leather.

And now let us recount and group in consecutive array some of the features of this library-room, whose special aspects we have been considering. First, there is the broad opening between it and the sunny breakfast-room, with dividing doors rarely closed, and the great casement of these doors dressed with masses of foliage; next, this foliage runs away in pretty vagrancy and in brown and golden tints over the dun-colored matting that forms the cover of the walls. Again, this matting is made fast by fillets of wood that by their arrangement leave rectangular panels, where paintings are framed and become an integral part of the decoration. A door, in most respects like other doors, has a couplet of little lacquered wickets opening in its upper panels to give glimpse of hall. The fireplace shows the massiveness of iron plates and the bold ornamentation of bolt-heads; a cupboard or two thereabout show iron panels treated simply with rust and lead and silver in patterns of flowers. Over these, books in all guises of back, and bric-a-brac of historic significance centralize interest and justify the title of Library. A screen moved at a touch upon its spindled wheels gives seclusion from the parlor beyond; transoms of colored glass moderate the obtrusive glare of the tall northern windows; a carpet whose severities of tint and figure make it wholly unnoticeable covers the floor; mystic, Oriental disks chase each other round the frieze, and a stanch table, and chairs as stanch, invite to library work.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.





## THE MANDOLIN.

THE maiden at her mandolin,  
A tinkling little song she sung;  
It was so long ago, you know,  
When all the world was gay and young.

"Three roses,—red and white and gold,"  
This way her dainty singing went;  
"Three roses,—gold and white and red,  
Beneath the castle wall they bent.

"A prince enchanted was the red;  
The gold rose was a princess fair;  
The white was nothing but a rose;  
And they, all three, were blooming there.

"The red rose was a prince again,  
The gold rose got her maiden grace;  
The rosy prince halloed for joy,  
And kissed the princess' rose-lit face.

"Ah, yes, the gold rose and the red  
Were prince and princess as before;  
The white was nothing but a rose,  
Forever and forever more."

The maiden at her mandolin  
Sang in a sweet old faded June;  
It was so long ago, you know,  
And mandolins are out of tune.

M. E. WILKINS.

## NOON HILL PLACE.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

A GENTLEMAN had just opened the door which leads from the money order department of the post-office in Richmond, Virginia, to the main hall. He had the manner of being in great haste, but before he had taken half a dozen steps he paused, went back a few yards, then leaned against the wall with a decided appearance of leisure. He opened a letter he held in his hand, and made a pretence of reading it. He was really looking at a woman who stood directly opposite him, before the "General Delivery," and who had walked past him just as he had opened the door to come from the inner room. There was no expression of recognition upon his face, but there was certainly interest, and there was curiosity.

He was not so young that the flutter of any gracefully worn garments could always make him pause. He lacked but a few years of that time when

"On his forehead middle age  
Would gently press its signet sage"—

Old enough to have seen many a lovely or interesting woman with no particular access of attention.

He heard a voice speak very slowly, pronouncing the words with a peculiar and careful distinctness of utterance. The tone was low, but so distinct that, though the speaker's face was from him, he heard her words to the clerk:

"Is there any letter for Mrs. Randolph Branch?"

The clerk shuffled over a package of letters and said:

"No."

"If a letter were sent here without the street and number, would the carrier take it?" the clear, soft voice enunciated.

"If he is familiar with the name he probably would."

"Mrs. Branch particularly wishes any letter directed to her simply to the city to remain to be called for."

"I will make a note of that for the carrier," was the answer.

The lady, presumably Mrs. Randolph Branch, stood still a moment as if she were thinking of saying something more.

During that moment the gentleman scanned her with an eye more to the details of her appearance. He was not so hazily masculine in perception but that he saw she was dressed with faultless taste, in black silk, a black velvet cloak with a high ruff-like collar which gave a distinctively quaint appearance when she turned; a large feathered hat, whose soft blackness made the light brown hair of yellowish tint still more beautiful. But in this age of feminine dress the man must have seen many a lady as tastefully clad as this one. Why, then, had he paused and remained, when he had really wished to hurry? Was it merely a whim, or was it the hand of that fate which sometimes touches one unseen, unfelt? We know not what it is, but we obey because we must.

The lady now turned from the window and walked away without appearing to see Doctor Bruce, who now perceived that she could be said to be lovely only in the rose-leaf fairness of skin, the perfect scarlet of her lips, and her beautiful hair. For the rest, her chin was markedly retreating, her nose escaped being ugly; her eyes were of lightest gray with greenish-yellow tinges

in them; whether they were expressive or not one could not say at first.

Bruce remained leaning there with the letter open in his hand until she reached the door. As she was going down the steps he thrust the open sheet in his pocket and went quickly after her. He was in time to note that she stepped into a phaeton to which two white ponies were attached, and that she drove off alone.

He did not believe that she had seen him. He did not know that she could have described him far more accurately than he could have put her appearance in words. Surely she had not once directed her eyes toward him. It is Cherbuliez who asks pertinently, "What is the use of being a woman if you have to look to see?"

Bruce stood about irresolutely for a few moments. He did not care now for the hurry he had been in a short time before. He was one of those impressionable men of large ideality who perhaps yield too much to the sensation of the moment. He had been in the habit of petting, making much of his impressions, if they happened to be pleasant ones. It had been thus far an extremely agreeable way of passing the time.

His face, with its rather large brown eyes, suggested that he was a man of passionate feeling; whether his emotions were lasting or not his eyes did not tell, but he imagined he was one who could pass lightly along life's highway and cull a few sweet flowers now and then. He scoffed gayly at a fellow who took life or love seriously. It was wonderfully pleasant to admire rather warmly a pretty woman, but as to a grand passion he smiled with superior disdain.

His chestnut mare was patiently waiting at a post in front of the building. He had at last sauntered up to her and put his foot in the stirrup when he saw a man he knew crossing the street toward him. It was Doctor Colquitt. Bruce stood leaning against his horse and beckoned to his friend, who came up evidently glad to see him. There was something in Bruce's face and the touch of his hand which usually gave people pleasure at meeting him.

"Do you know any lady called Mrs. Randolph Branch?" he asked, without any preamble.

The other man looked surprised, but answered promptly, "I do. She has only been in the city a month. She is a Massachusetts lady who married a Richmond man."

"How did you happen to be so well informed?"

"She is a patient of mine."

"Ah! Is she ill, then?"

Instead of replying, Doctor Colquitt said abruptly: "I say, Bruce, it's a thousand pities that you never really took to practicing medicine; why did you take a diploma out and then change your mind?"

"I changed my mind because, when a little money fell to me, I found I would rather do nothing than to work. Do you think I should be so skillful?" smiling.

"I don't know about that. But your presence would be so remarkably—shall we say beneficent?"

"O, don't talk bosh! Perhaps you will call me in as consulting physician in regard to the case of Mrs. Branch."

The speaker's tones were so earnest that his friend said:

"If you really mean it you may call with me when I go there again."

"Certainly, I do mean it. When will that be?"

Doctor Colquitt took out his memorandum book, and having consulted it said that he should go the next day at about three in the afternoon.

The two separated, and Bruce cantered up the street, his mind dwelling pleasantly on the prospect of meeting again the lady he had just seen. He found that as he grew older he was more fastidious; he saw fewer people, men or women, for whom he cared.

That this lady was Mrs. Branch did not annoy him; he was thinking of amusement, not of love or marriage. It had been his experience that married ladies frequently were not averse to receiving a respectful homage from men other than their husbands, and he had sometimes been very ready to give it.

His fancy had been for a long while now quite vague and unoccupied. He thought Colquitt put it rather coarsely when he said:

"Bruce, you are out of a goddess, aren't you?"

At the appointed time he was at Colquitt's office, and waited so long that he began to grow angry at the thought that his friend had forgotten the appointment, but an hour late the doctor drove up.

"I was detained; I hope you found means to amuse yourself."

While he was talking he carefully combed hair and beard, then washed and perfumed his hands.

"I'm afraid she'll know, even now, that I am soaked in the fumes of bad tobacco and worse rum. Such dens as I sometimes get into! I don't exactly like to go there unless I bear something the appearance of a gentleman. Just hand me that coat on that chair, will you?"

As Bruce reached the garment to him he asked:

"Is Mrs. Branch so sensitive?"

"I was not thinking of Mrs. Branch. Come, are you ready?"

Colquitt appeared so absorbed that not a word was spoken as the two rode up Lee street.

It was at a plain brick house that they stopped, but once within and it was evident that the occupants had the means and the taste to live luxuriously. Still there was a distressful sombreness about everything. A great deal of craze was hung about the rooms, and it was heavily draped around the life-size portrait of a boy of ten or twelve years of age; this portrait hung in the drawing-room, and when Bruce walked along the hall to mount the stairs he saw hung there another picture of the same boy, and this was draped also.

Colquitt noticed his friend's glance, and said hastily:

"It is Mrs. Branch's son whom she lost. No one ever speaks to her of him."

On the next floor a negro servant woman came forward and informed them that her mistress was ready to see the doctor.

"Tell her that I have brought a friend with me—another physician," said Colquitt.

"There is no need," was the decided response, and the woman threw open a door and announced, "Here's the doctor, Miss Evelyn."

The room looked toward the west, and the large windows, from which the curtains were drawn, admitted a flood of light from the western sky.

A woman was walking back and forth, and she did not pause as the two men advanced a short distance. The air was heavy with some perfume; walls and tables were loaded with rich ornaments; books were scattered about; the arrangement of chairs, couches and ornaments was such as to help give one a sense of confinement, almost of suffocation. One felt an immediate desire to escape and take a full, free breath. But at first Bruce had only a dim sense of all this; his gaze was fixed upon that form which seemed incapable of stopping its motion. If this were Mrs. Branch he immediately knew that it was not Mrs. Branch whom he had seen at the post-office.

He only thought of that fact for an instant, however, for his heart was soon almost absorbed in pity for the lady, who came forward now in her walk and extended her hand to Colquitt. Pallid, emaciated, haggard-eyed she was, and her whole person bore such unmistakable tokens of restlessness that one could not imagine her still for an instant. There was a piteously appealing look in her superficially brilliant eyes.

"It is but a waste of your time, doctor, to come here," she said in a voice that was husky from fatigue.

"But I shall come until you turn me away," was the cheerful answer. "I have brought a friend with me," he continued, "whom I wish to present to you. He is really more talented than I am. Who knows but he may think of something to alleviate your sufferings? This is Doctor Bruce, Mrs. Branch."

The lady looked kindly at the man who bowed before her. Colquitt was amused to see how friendly that look was. "What in the deuce is there about him to make all the women smile at sight of him?" he was thinking.

When he glanced at Bruce's face, so wonderfully softened with sympathy and that kind of pity which never irritates, Colquitt thought he had an answer to his question.

"I believe our skill is not worth much if it cannot help you," said Bruce gently.

"It cannot perform impossibilities," was the response. "Will you be seated, gentlemen?"

She did not seat herself, but turned and began her walk again, having paused only long enough to speak thus.

Colquitt threw himself upon a chair in the hasty way that was natural to him, but Bruce could not decide to sit while his hostess was upon her feet. He advanced and leaned upon the back of a chair, his eyes following Mrs. Branch's movements with closest attention that was awakened both by his compassion and by his now thoroughly roused professional interest in her

as "a case." He had worked as a physician about two years only, and he could not be supposed to know much simply from experience. But his study had enabled him to decide instantly that the woman before him was an opium-eater.

After a moment he fancied that his persistent gaze annoyed her, and he withdrew it. His wondering eyes fastened presently upon a portrait in oil of the same subject he had seen below stairs. This was not draped in black. On a bracket beneath it was a large china bowl filled with white roses. He made a step forward that he might see the picture in a better light. He recognized the wonderful resemblance which the boy's face bore to that of the woman who was now coming back toward him.

He resolved to speak of the portrait, forgetting that Colquitt had hinted that it was a forbidden subject. He turned.

"This is your son?" he said.

Mrs. Branch paused beside him. When she stood still she did not seem still, for there was a kind of motion upon her always. It was as if her will could not control the unsteady muscles, the rebellious pulses that beat all through her. Bruce did not see the dismayed expression upon his friend's face. He was watching his companion, and he saw the wave of painful-color that rose over cheeks and brow, and subsiding left a deadlier pallor than before.

"Yes, it is my son. No one has dared to speak of him to me since the day he died. You are bold because you are ignorant."

Her hands were twisting in and out as she spoke. "Yes," she repeated, "my only child. The only thing in the world that I have ever loved. The only creature which ever cared for me."

The words were spoken with a concentrated energy that was painful. Her eyes dilated more and more as she went on, as if urged by a power outside of herself.

"He was thrown from a horse and killed instantly. His good-by kiss was not cold upon my lips when he was brought home to me dead. Three years ago. I think I have not slept since then. I know I have not rested. I took opium; some doctor prescribed it. Why cannot I take enough to make me still forever?"

The voice in which those words were spoken was shrill, but it was subdued; hoarse from weakness; tremulous, insistent, as if the speaker were resolved to have strength to say whatever she wished. The sound of it was terrible to Bruce, who was perhaps too sensitively kind to be a physician.

Before he could reply the door at the remote end of the long room opened, and some one entered. Colquitt rose directly and went forward. For the moment Bruce had forgotten why he had come to this house.

Now Mrs. Branch turned away and began walking again, apparently not noticing that any one had entered.

The young man was aware that his friend was greeting the lady whom he had seen in the post-office. He turned and continued looking at the picture, his pulses somewhat accelerated. But his interest in Mrs. Branch had slightly effaced the memory of the impulse which had brought him here.

He doubted if Mrs. Branch would think to present him to the new-comer. As he stood absently gazing at the portrait he could hear the distinct, low voice to which he had listened the day before, but he could not understand what was said, and, indeed, did not wish to do so. He was conscious of a faint sense of irritated amusement as he knew that Colquitt was making use of what the two in jest between themselves called his "Louis XIV manners." Colquitt was not at ease in society, and took refuge in a sort of exaggerated deference to women. He was aware of this trick of his, but he did not know in what other way to approach them.

Now, in her restless movements, Mrs. Branch came near Bruce again, and stopped by his side, her burning eyes fixed upon his face.

"What a useless set of men you doctors are!" she exclaimed, nervously pulling her handkerchief back and forth in her hands. "There's your friend Colquitt. I really think he has as much skill as any of them, but he seems a dunce in my case. Do you know what I have resolved to do?"

She did not wait for him to reply, but went on hurriedly:

"I have decided to tell him he need not come any more. He has not helped me in the least."

Bruce began to make some response, but the lady impatiently waved her hand and went on.

"I wish you to become my physician. I



desire you to come to-morrow and prescribe for me. You have the true healing presence."

"But, Mrs. Branch," began the gentleman, quickly, "I am not in practice; I have not a quarter of the knowledge and skill possessed by my friend. I"—

"Nonsense! Do not trouble yourself to talk like that," she interrupted imperiously. "You are a physician, are you not?"

Bruce bowed.

"Answer me, yes or no, then, when I ask if you will become my medical adviser. And remember that a very unhappy woman requests this of you as a favor."

"But I am afraid you do not understand that I have had very little experience," urged Bruce.

"That is my risk."

She walked away a few paces, came back again and looked at him.

"Yes," he said, feeling very uncomfortable. He knew that he was yielding to his emotion of compassion against his judgment. To do him justice, not until he had given his assent did he think of the fact that this arrangement would probably lead the way to his acquaintance with the girl who was now talking with Colquitt.

Mrs. Branch beckoned that gentleman to approach.

"I have concluded," she said abruptly, "to put myself under Dr. Bruce's care."

Colquitt stared in silence, his face flushing. "If any one can help me, I think, perhaps, he can."

Colquitt bowed and murmured some words of hope that she would recover.

The young girl stood so far away, turning over the leaves of a book upon a table, that she could not hear the conversation.

In a few moments the two men took leave, Bruce being made to promise that he would come again in the evening.

When they were riding away he exclaimed: "What on earth should I have done? I suppose you know Mrs. Branch well enough not to be surprised at this unaccountable whim of hers. Is she insane?"

"Not a bit of it; but as full of notions as—a woman. I wish you joy of her."

There was no bitterness in Colquitt's tone. He knew his friend well enough to guess at the reason of his acceptance. To appeal to Bruce's sympathy or pity was usually to win him over.

"She can't be helped, can she?" asked the new physician.

"I don't know how to help her," was the reply. "She has taken opium ever since her son's death. She can't break the habit. The effect of the drug has been to make her uneasy, restless."

They talked for some time concerning the case Bruce had taken, then after a silence of some minutes he asked:

"What is that girl's name?"

"Portia Nunally."

"Who is she?"

"Niece to your patient."

"Ah!" The exclamation was long-drawn, and then the speaker added: "She is the one whom I saw at the post-office. I wonder if she is aiding Mrs. Branch in a clandestine correspondence."

"If you wish to keep yourself informed concerning all that woman's freaks, your mind will be well occupied."

Instead of replying Bruce said:

"I shall be glad to know Miss Nunally."

"I am sorry for you, then!"

There was so much earnestness in the speaker's voice that his companion asked with emphasis what he meant.

"Ask me at the end of six months," was the answer. "That girl has been down here in Richmond before."

"She is not a Virginian, then?"

"No; she is a Massachusetts girl, and her home is at a town near Boston on an estate that is called Noon Hill Place."

Bruce turned and looked at his friend deliberately and then asked:

"Have you been there?"

"Once."

Nothing more was said for a time, and then Colquitt spoke with some heat.

"You need not think I was ever entangled in any affair with Miss Nunally; but a friend of mine who met her here on one of her visits to Richmond just made an idiot of himself. I went up to Massachusetts on his behalf."

There was something in the man's manner that made it impossible for him to be questioned farther.

When Bruce called at the house on Lee Street that evening he only saw Mrs. Branch, and not a word was said about her niece.

"There is one thing which I think would give me a few moments' rest," she remarked to her physician as he rose to go.

"And what is that?"

"I shall not tell. I am tired of being opposed; but I shall try it."

Bruce lingered with his hand on the door, looking anxiously at her as she moved about the room. Did she refer to any intention which need be feared? He could not guess, and he saw it would be useless to make any more inquiries. When he had left the room he had an interview with his patient's maid, who was also her nurse, and he counseled that Mrs. Branch be watched closely.

#### CHAPTER II.

FOR two or three weeks Bruce had been calling nearly every day upon his only patient. He reported his visits scrupulously to Colquitt, and consulted with him as to the medical aspects of the case, but he did not mention the fact that he saw Miss Nunally every time, and his friend never asked any questions concerning her. The silence seemed ominous, but Bruce would not break it.

When he entered the house he would glance quickly up the stairs, for sometimes Miss Nunally, hearing his ring, would come to meet him there, and he would inquire concerning her aunt.

"You are late," she said one day as she met him.

Bruce held out his hand and she put hers into it, looking up at him an instant; long enough for him to glance down into the peculiar eyes, and to decide for the hundredth time that he had never seen eyes of that color before, or a face that brightened for him so deliciously.

By this time he had become so attracted that the very defects in the girl's face were charming to him. The teeth, not quite even and profusely filled with gold; the somewhat "underhung" chin, defects glaring enough, were far from being such to him now.

Miss Nunally had a way of coming forward to meet him with a slight formality of manner which was belied by the look of her face. This made a sort of contradiction of appearance which was puzzling and interesting.

She was attentive, deferential, mocking, familiar even, in a curious withdrawing sort of way. She consulted him about everything, and always appeared to take his opinion as final. If she were sitting in a sad or listless manner when he came, she would brighten visibly, waiting for a word from him and replying always when the subject admitted, with a keen, trenchant understanding and wit, choosing her words with that deliberation and care which were marked characteristics of her. There seemed something so fine and exquisite about her as at first to give Bruce a disagreeable sensation of being coarse and awkward in his size and strength; but he soon was put too much at ease to feel that, and was only conscious of the attraction of her presence. He felt that he had never known politeness as refined and pervasive as was hers.

He stood holding her hand now, and allowing himself to look down at her for a perceivable space of time before he spoke. It was delightful to be thus near her. The hand he held was warm and seemed to remain contentedly in his.

He had believed himself cool enough when he had glanced up and seen her coming toward the stairs as he ascended, albeit his pulses had taken on that pleasurable beat which the sight of her gave to them. Now he was not quite so calm. He opened his lips to speak, but he would not say what was in his mind, and he could not quite determine to utter a commonplace.

He felt some slightest motion of her hand as if it was to be withdrawn, and his clasp tightened involuntarily. There was a movement as if she were going. They stood alone together in the hall. Within the next room could be heard the slight continuous sound of the trailing gown worn by Mrs. Branch, who was moving up and down in her never-ending walk.

"Do not go," murmured Bruce softly. "If you only knew what pleasure it is for me to meet you."

Miss Nunally did not reply in words. She lifted her eyes to him, letting him for one quick instant see how full they were of some inebriating light; then she withdrew her hand and moved toward the door, saying: "My aunt has been looking for you."

She opened the door and preceded him into the room, but did not remain for more than a moment.

He found Mrs. Branch in a frame of mind more desperate and desponding than ever, and he remained a long time with her. His presence appeared to have some effect, for when he left she seemed more quiet.

That night a cold rain from the north set in. Bruce did not go out, but sat in his room at Ford's and read until after midnight. He was lounging with his book in his hand, his head thrown back and his eyes closed, when there came a quick knock at his door.

In answer to his call to come in there entered a black man, whom Bruce remembered to have seen at Mrs. Branch's.

"What's the matter?" speaking harshly in his astonishment.

"Miss Porshy she sent me to you; said she didn't know who else to send to. Miss Branch she done gone off."

Bruce did not stay to question the man, whom he thought rather stupid. The next moment he had seized his hat and was in the street. He had to face the wind and the driving rain, and he was alarmed at the violence of the storm. He felt as if he were striving against a nightmare so slowly did he make his way compared with the rapidity with which he wished to go.

It was pleasant to know that Miss Nunally had sent for him, that she turned to him.

He had made the servant come with him, so that when he reached the house on Lee street he was able to enter without ringing the bell. He sprang up the stairs at the head of which he had been accustomed to meet Miss Nunally. She was not there, neither was she in her aunt's room. There seemed to be no one about. He rang the bell violently, and in a moment the maid-servant came.

"Where is Miss Nunally?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. I wish I did," was the answer, accompanied by wringing of hands in so inefficient a manner that Bruce had hard work not to shake the girl.

"Do you know that she went away?" he asked.

"Oh, lor, yes. She went off on her horse the minute she found Miss Evelyn had gone. She had Ben saddle the horse mighty quick. You see she didn't 'zactly know when Miss Evelyn went."

"Where's Ben?"

"He's in the stable. He stays there."

The young man dashed through the stable-yard and made his way to the lantern he saw glimmering there. A half-grown negro was sitting on the floor dozing, with his back against a bundle of hay.

Bruce took hold of his shoulder roughly, crying: "Wake up and tell me how long Miss Portia has been gone."

The boy declared it was a full hour, but his hearer could not tell whether he had much sense of time or not. In answer to his question if she had said where she was going, the boy thought she had said nothing positive, but he reckoned he had heard her mention Hollywood.

"Why didn't you go with her? Why did you let her go alone?" he inquired angrily. "She didn't say nothin' 'bout it, and I wasn't going out in this storm jes' for fun."

While Bruce had been thus questioning he had been placing a saddle upon one of the white ponies, and the boy had held the lantern with a great show of assisting him.

Before mounting he went in the house again to try once more to learn if Miss Nunally had left any more definite word. The servant who had come for him persisted in saying that he had only been sent to Doctor Bruce. He did not confess that the young lady had given him a note, and he had put it in his hat, which had blown off. When the hat was recovered the note could not be found. Why should he mention that? It would be found out soon enough.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Marquis of Carabas.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(CONCLUDED.)

Was it a dream that Dominique dreamed in the morning twilight, between sleeping and waking, or was it some forefeeling of the future that surely one day was to be his own? In it he had come off the sea one sunny morning, all bronzed and bearded, had come up the gardens, terrace over terrace, brimmed with birds and bees and blossoms, and into the great hall where, as he had seen it once before, the sunlight streamed again through the jeweled glass of the skylight over a woman with just that aura of added beauty that belongs to the women of dreams, or to the dreams of women the dreamer loves, a woman so gracious and beautiful as only Adelaide could be, with every year an added grace, and streamed, too, over the group of babies round her there, ideal babies, this with the father's eyes, that with the mother's mouth. The air is full of the sweet, sweet

music of their cries and laughter; they have been telling fairy stories and frolic now in some sportive game, puss in the corner or blind man's buff, he thinks, and one with blindfolded eyes lays hold of those that come across her way. "And who is this?" the little creature cries, as with uplifted finger to the rest he has stooped till her tender hands outspread have touched his bearded face. He thrills and trembles even in his dream, as the timid touches go wandering over it. "And who is this?" cry all the rest. And the little creature shrinks away. "I don't know who you are," she says, in a voice that half declares her doubt, "unless," with a memory of her fairy story, "you are Puss in Boots." And before the chorus of warbling voices can shout "It is papa! It is papa!" before he takes her in his arms, with all the others clinging about, and the gracious, tearful mother smiling down upon them, the glad old man hurrying forward, "I am the Marquis of Carabas," he answers her. And, dream or not, it is all he ever tells wife or child or friend of the old castle in Spain.

#### KIX

PERHAPS Mrs. Stuart builded better than she knew in keeping Adelaide away in those long days. As Dominique sat in his room or went out upon the upper gallery he could hear her voice about the house; this step seemed to be hers just approaching, but it went by; the flutter of that curtain was her garment; it seemed as if the cup of life was just about to touch his lips, and all the pleasant waters spilled. When he came down at length it was to leave that day for the *Winged Victory*, and he had seen Adelaide only once in all that time, once as he opened his door and looked down the stairway and she was standing in the hall with the colored lights falling about her and a glad answer in the eyes that were looking up at him. To-day she was gone. There were others there to bid him farewell; Mrs. Stuart was whispering "This is your home, my son;" Miss Grey was saying "It will not be long;" his father was clasping him, and he his father as if he were a boy again. But Adelaide was not there. She could not trust herself to say good-by. Maybe it was as well. Not yet in his full strength, had he felt those arms about his neck, that fragrant breath upon his face, it might not have been possible for him to cling to that still unsundered determination of coming back no more. His father was so happy here he hardly needed him, and if he did he could come to him when he had sent the *Winged Victory* home with another master, and himself trod the deck of some ship that never ran by the north star. After all, the fire of the fever had burned out none of his indelible sense of wrong-doing; only the sweetness of that possible home and heaven had tempted him.

But alone on the quarter deck in blue water, with the fresh west wind swelling the vast sails and blowing far away up the dark depths to shake a keener sparkle from the stars, it was only with a dreary soul and heavy heart that Dominique looked out that night over the shadowy seas. Courage enough, but to what purpose? Youth, but with what hope? Life, but with how much strength? The great black night, horizon behind horizon, was no blacker than this phantom of despair that loomed above the edge of his inner horizon, no blacker than the sense of guilt that never once had left him, that never could leave one who knew not how to fight it, who had no help to fight it, who was alone! And he leaned over the rail as if the deeps might give him the help he needed or the grave he craved. "Alone, alone," he said. But as he spoke a voice replied, "Alone?"

He had turned at the sound of the first syllable, feeling a swift and indignant impatience with the presumption of the passenger whom he had not yet seen. "Alone?" said the voice again. "Not alone, Dominique, with your wife and God." And it was Adelaide who threw back her hood and looked him in the face. "You could not leave me, you see," she said with her sweet smile. "I could not let you go. Oh, Dominique! You will not think ill of me? But if you have a fight to fight your wife must fight it with you. If you have a stain to cleanse your wife must seek the cleansing waters with you! We will ask for help together, Dominique."

Already so much help—perhaps the rest would follow. Something like the echo of forgotten joy swept through him. And, as the ship rose on the swelling billow, no longer with the unconcern of unanswering, unfathomable immensity did skies and waters gleam, while Dominique's gaze returned to them with Adelaide in his arms.

THE END.

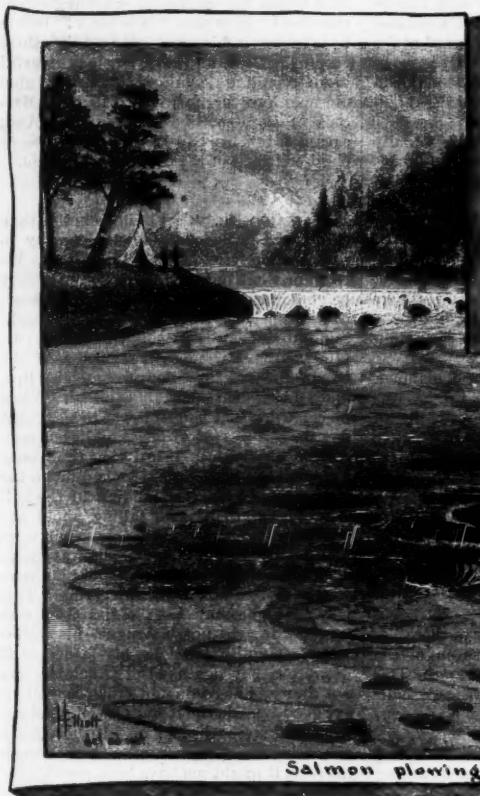


## INSTINCTIVE ARCHITECTS.

BY PROF. HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

### PART III—FINNED.

WHEN we turn to the vast swarm of piscatorial dwellers beneath the waters of the earth we are rather at loss to find a true architect among the myriads therein assembled. The house-builder is a scarce factor to that organization; indeed there is only one true owner of this title known to the list of American fishes, and that name is the stickleback (*Gasterosteus*) and its several species. This little fish which we figure here



Salmon plowing their life lines in river shallows.

as such is the common form of that genus found in our fresh-water pools, streams and ponds. This little fellow has been the source, and is, of unbounded delight and admiration to all lovers of nature who may have had the rare good fortune to catch it at its dainty and clever submarine bower-building.

Look any pleasant day toward the end of spring in to some deep, brown-bottomed eddy of a clear running stream where the water-weeds have not wholly covered the pebbly floor, yet are thickly enough distributed to shade and shelter it. Among many curious novelties perhaps you will be fortunate enough to see a pair of tiny sticklebacks building their singular and beautifully constructed habitation; if so, you will see them as we present them in the accompanying engraving.

Their usual method of procedure is to select a spot in the deepest depth of the pool, but where the current of the stream is steadily flowing; the stagnant recesses never attract this busy, brave little architect. Advantage is taken of the rooted water-weed stems so as to use them as anchors for the walls and roof of the gasterostian house which are built up and over entirely of softly-fringed and silky water algae, the delicate fronds of which are bound here and there into a small tabernacle about as large as the clenched hand of man. A finely spun, silvery thread is employed by the stickleback in securing the cohesion of its building materials, which some authorities feel warranted in declaring is a direct exudation from and product of the fish's own body. It much resembles silk and is elastic. Under a strong glass it appears to be formed of several smaller threads glued together, and it hardens into firmness and tenacity by exposure to the water.

This bower of the stickleback is open through and through with the direction of the current, which flows freely in and out of it. The female lays her eggs on the inner side and upper walls, and then the male steps in and keeps house until the young are hatched and all able to shift for themselves. The indomitable courage with which these little fishes guard their houses has been the theme of poetry and a thesis for manly bravery and fortitude during the long centuries past.

While we cannot claim any real title to the salmon of our northwest coast and California as architects, yet they are so energetic and interesting in their man-

ner and method of laying foundations for the building of their posterity that we have selected a sketch from our note-book which discloses a broad and shallow arm of the Skeena River, the rippling and clear waters of the snow-fed Wastouquah, where salmon ascend to every July from the great Pacific, two hundred miles below them here and to the westward.

The salmon is all in all without question the king of fish, an ichthyological beauty which it is difficult to correctly describe. He must be seen to be believed as he ascends from the depths of the ocean and stems the swift currents, leaps the bars and riffles which intervene as the path up the stream is pursued to those shoals at its source, and where we picture him in the accompanying sketch.

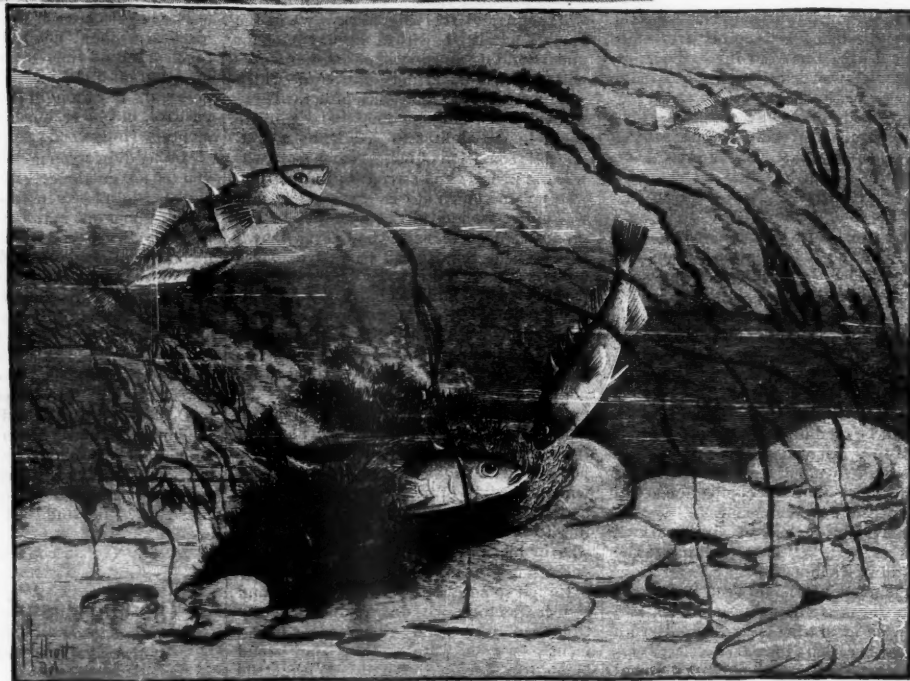
Here where the icy waters, chill and translucent, flow in swift shallows over a clean and pebbly strand, the salmon thrusts his snout and under jaw protruberant into the gravelly bottom, and putting his powerful flukes to their best, plows up against the current a trench or furrow in the sand and pebbles commingled. In these lines of reproduction the ova are speedily deposited and the mission of this aqueous trench-builder ends.

The sight of myriads of these large, elegant and brilliant submarine plowmen as they appear in the thousand and one shallow head-water streams to all of the great ocean-feeding rivers of the Pacific coast and Alaska, is one that astonishes and delights the

were growing luxuriantly some 1000 feet above the bed of the river, and were showing a gorgeous array of blossoms. On plucking some of the flowers he became aware of a most unpleasant stickiness around the stems; in some instances the glutinous secretion being powerful enough to support the whole weight of the stem when he inverted and opened his hand. On examining the plants he was surprised at finding on quite ninety-five per cent. either the dead bodies of a large species of ant, or individuals in all stages of dying. Some flowering stems had only one dead or dying ant upon each; others had two; others three, while others again had as many as seven or eight. Some ants had, as it were, simply lain down in the glutinous matter and succumbed without further struggling. The heads of others, firmly imbedded in the treacherous gum, with the rest of the body stiffened and suspended in mid-air, testified to violent and prolonged resistance. Some ants again had the body arched up, as if to avoid contact with the stem, and the legs only were fatally caught. The glutinous or sticky tracts lay around the stem, directly beneath the nodes, and were about half an inch or more in depth. Two to four sticky nodes were found near the top of each flowering stem. Now we want some Darwinian to investigate this subject and tell us of what benefit to this land this ant-catching habit is, for surely of some benefit it must be.

### CORALS.

PROFESSOR LE CONTE says the popular idea in regard to Corals is that these animals are little insects, that they build as ants and bees do, and when they are alarmed they disappear into their little burrows, and these reefs are accumulations of millions of these little insects in generation after generation. The fact is, the coral animal is a polyp belonging to the group of radiata; that it consists of limestone deposits in the shape of a hollow cylinder with top and bottom disks, surmounted with tentacles, containing a stomach



The Sub-marine bower of the Stickleback.

observer who for the first time in his life beholds the spectacle, and after gazing upon it he is led and left to curiously speculate upon what is going on among those fishes innumerable that, unlike the salmon, never leave the dark recesses of the vasty deep, within the algoid forestry of which undoubtedly houses are built—not to shelter their piscine owners and architects from the weather, but as a secure refuge from rapacious ichthyophagi.

MR. J. HARRIS STONE describes in *Nature* how he found in Norway one of the catchflies busily trapping ants. Last June he was staying at Husum, in the Lærdal Valley, Norway, where he observed on the almost precipitous sides of the valley a number of the red German catchfly (*Lychnis viscaria*). The plants

and enveloped with gelatinous organic matter. The tentacles or arms are provided each with a mouth for the absorption of food. The animals that build reefs are not much larger than pin-heads. Reef-building corals will not grow at a depth of over one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet. There have been reef-building corals found at a depth of one thousand feet, but they were dead—drowned by being carried below their depth. This confines them to coast lines and submarine banks. Corals will not grow where the temperature is lower than sixty-eight degrees at any time—that is, the ocean, not the air. Therefore they are confined to the tropical regions. They will not grow except in clear salt water; hence there is always a break in reefs opposite the mouth of a river. Finally, they demand free exposure to the beating of the waves.



## HOME AND GRAVE OF ANTHONY WAYNE.

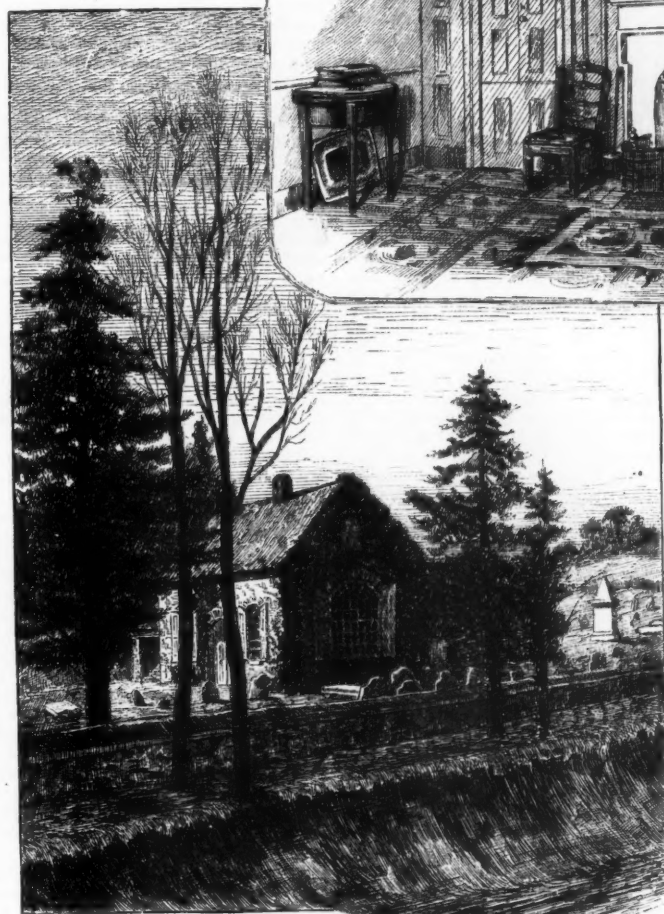


PAOLI, one of the few remaining hostleries in Eastern Pennsylvania of early colonial days, is situated in Tredyffrin Township, Chester County, on the old Lancaster Turnpike, west eighteen miles from Philadelphia. It has shared, to some extent, the enterprise of later days, and in place of the farmer's wagon with its rumbling wheels the iron horse now halts panting near its door.

Paoli afforded food and shelter to the hardy traveler who braved perilous roads in the provincial times. It afterwards furnished the same good cheer to the tired and hungry who came by lumbering stage-coach when the turnpike was the favored route and Conestoga wagons rattled continually over its well-beaten bed. The venerable building is still in good condition. Since 1719 it has been in the hands of one family, the original deed which conveyed it to William Evans being until recently in the possession of John D. Evans, Esq., a lineal descendant of that old Welshman. It was named after the Corsican patriot Pasquale Paoli about 1750, and its modest signboard was familiar to both Red-coat and Continental during the Revolution. Knyphausen marched past it with his insolent Hessians on the 18th of September, 1777, when they stole good old Mrs. Baugh's doughnuts out of the sputtering pan in which she was cooking them, and Colonel Musgrave's two regiments rested near it awaiting the result of Grey's murderous attack on Wayne's devoted band on the dark and gloomy night of September 20th in the same year. How many stories of those stirring days—stories that have never been told—might its old walls narrate could they but speak! They were old when the Republic began; they saw its birth, have witnessed each year of its growth, and last September—fitting circumstance—General Hancock's artillery, on their way to celebrate the centennial of the American victory at Yorktown, following the identical route taken by Washington one hundred years ago, halted within its shade, and some of the officers were regaled within its portals. But its doors that have stood open so long seem destined soon to be closed alike to guest and stranger, for new owners with new purposes have just now come into possession. Let us hope they will at least preserve the old name—a name that should send the blood tingling into the face of the Briton for very shame at mention of the Massacre, the remembrance of which nerved the arms of the brave men who on that sultry July night silently waded the swamp and climbed the hill at Stony Point, and pouring over the ramparts sent terror and dismay through all that British garrison as they shouted "Remember Paoli!"—a name that was dear to him who led that storming party, and who there gloriously retrieved the defeat he had before suffered at his home, for standing under the shelter of the ample porches of Paoli Tavern we are close by the birthplace, homestead and grave of the most trusted lieutenant of Washington, whose brilliant daring won for him the proud title of "Mad Anthony," and whose memory is dear to every American.

East of the Paoli Tavern a country road, looking southward, breaks away from the turnpike, and it is less than a mile by this road to the old family seat of Waynesborough in Easttown Township.

Anthony Wayne, grandfather of the General, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1666. He removed to County Wicklow, Ireland, at an early age, and in 1722 emigrated



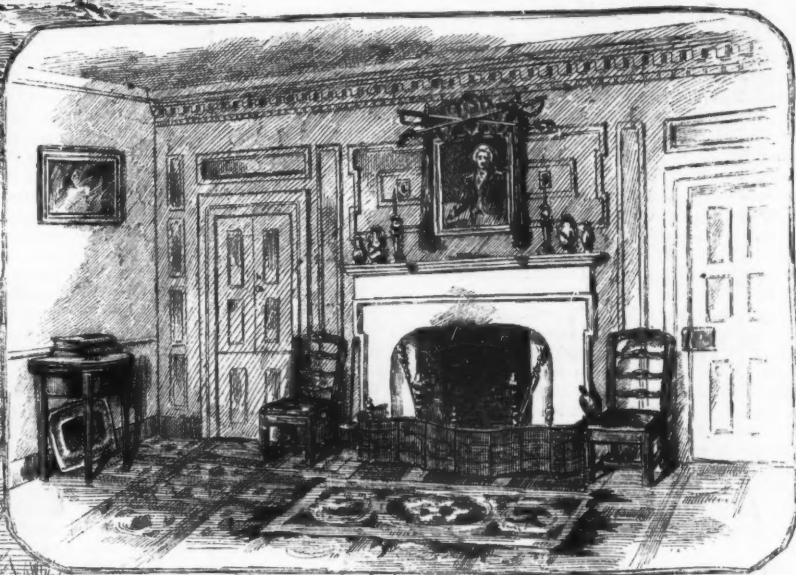
to America and settled upon this farm. The house in which he first lived, built probably of logs, is of course totally destroyed; but that in which he died, and in which his grandson was born, is at least partially preserved, and its walls enclose what is now known as the library, and constitute the northwest wing of the comfortable mansion which we find in such excellent repair, and which was built by Colonel Isaac Wayne, father of the General, in 1765, when young Anthony was about twenty years of age, for the family record fixes his birth January 1st, 1745. Its iron-stone walls look substantial enough to weather the storms of another century. Two dormer windows peer out from the roof to the south; but its most noticeable feature is perhaps the curious little bracket-like porch, unsupported by posts or pillars, so common to houses of its class built in those days. All traces of the tannery which once lay west of the building—and gave to the unfortunate Major André and his brother officers so fine an opportunity for punning the General in their rhymes—have been obliterated, and the spot now forms a part of the magnificent grounds about the house.

With the exception of an additional wing at the east end of the house and some minor improvements, it remains the same as when the General announced his coming by a rap of the old iron knocker that still adorns the front door.

The southeast room, on the right as you enter the hallway, is still kept much as it was in the General's lifetime. Its two windows fronting the road are draped with buff curtains, hung there just before Lafayette's visit in 1825; but the green and buff lambrequins have decked them much longer. A fine, large-figured Brussels carpet, laid in 1792, covers the floor. The old table, sofa and chairs, stiff and straight-backed, line the walls. The fender, andirons, shovel and tongs occupy their accustomed places in front of the ancient fireplace. A full-length portrait of the General, painted by a Frenchman who came over with the allies, hangs over the mantel, while his dress sword and a service sword with well-worn scabbard, together with his pistols and sash, are tastefully arranged above it.

In the parlor, just across the hall, hangs the celebrated Peale portrait, painted in Philadelphia when the General was about thirty-eight years of age, said to be the best picture of him ever taken.

On the other side of the mantel hangs a similar portrait of Lafayette, ardent lover of America and bosom friend of Wayne, while between them is a splendid engraving of him to whom they were both so loyal and in whose great heart they held so firm a place.



In appearance the house is not remarkable, looking like a well-kept mansion of the olden time. Within the older part the General was born; there he experienced his boyish joys and sorrows, the first successes of his business of surveying, and from this old home early in March, 1765, just before the new walls were laid, he started for Nova Scotia as agent of the Ben Franklin Colony.

Late in December he returned to sleep for the first time under the roof of the then new house. He afterwards spent another year in that settlement, and directed its affairs as long as it remained an association. To these open doors he brought his young wife, Miss Mary Penrose, of Philadelphia, in 1767. Within these walls his two children were born. Here we find him at an early age a useful, public-spirited citizen, holding responsible county offices; elected a member of the State Convention and sent to the Legislature in 1774; one of the Committee of Safety in 1775, and among the first to denounce the tyranny of England, though still anxious for conciliation; the same year studying military tactics for possible emergencies, and in September, when war had become inevitable, retiring from the civil councils and raising in six weeks the Fourth Pennsylvania Battalion, of which he was unanimously elected colonel, Congress granting him his commission January 2d, 1776. To this house came his brother officers, as yet untried by service, to consult their chief, and with them his neighbors, many of whom were soon to become prominent figures in the rapid history made in the succeeding years, for bold, ardent, glorious Anthony Wayne must have been a leader from the start. Here came his first marching orders, and here he buckled on his sword, bade good-by to wife and children, and went forth to do battle for what he conceived to be right.

Owing to the condition of affairs in Pennsylvania his presence was desired in Philadelphia at the meeting of the Assembly. Here he took occasion to present the wretched condition of the Pennsylvania troops, urging prompt measures for their relief. Leave of absence was accordingly granted him early in January, and it was twice afterwards extended to save him from the charge of undue preference in the choice of his subordinates in the Light Corps then being organized, for he was daily in receipt of letters from many officers anxious to be transferred to his command. During this season he appears to have spent his time between Philadelphia and his farm, making probably the longest visit home during the months of May and



June, and leaving to rejoin the army only three weeks before the famous attack on Stony Point, for Washington's letter ordering him to report in camp is dated June 21, 1779.

In the following winter when the Light Corps was dissolved he may have made other visits, or in the winter of 1780-81, when owing to the mutiny in the Pennsylvania line it became necessary to recruit and reorganize his command. Again we find him before the Assembly in Philadelphia working in the interest of the men, for he seems always to have been their chosen agent in this work, and the extensive correspondence between himself and his officers amply proves that his generous heart was fully enlisted in their cause. There were other opportunities, earlier in the war, of which no doubt he took advantage.

With the exception of the time consumed in attending to several public duties to which he was called, and a few visits to his unfortunate Georgia property, he applied himself sedulously to the cultivation of his land—which had not improved during the war under the management of his agent, Mr. Shannon—until President Washington appointed him Commander-in-chief of the army in April, 1792, and soon afterwards called him into active service. About June 1st he took up his sword a second time, bade his wife a final adieu and turned his steps toward the northwest, where he succeeded in settling the Indian troubles so satisfactorily that on his return, February 6th, 1796, a grand reception was tendered him in Philadelphia.

Deputed soon afterwards to treat with the Indians and also to take charge of the posts given up by the British, he crossed the threshold of his home for the last time in life, and looked for the last time on the dear old friends he loved so well. After discharging the duties of his commission he died at Presque Isle on the 15th of December, 1796. The next day his body was buried with military honors at the foot of the flag-staff within the fort according to his last desire. There it remained with no other mark to distinguish his grave until the summer of 1809, when at the instance of his son it was unearthed. The bones, carefully packed in a box, were brought back to his home, then with appropriate ceremonies conveyed to the cemetery at St. David's Episcopal Church; and at their regular annual meeting held in the State House in Philadelphia, July 4th of that year, the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati appropriated five hundred dollars for the erection of a monument to the memory of their old comrade, and appointed Colonel Johnson, Major Jackson and Horace Binney a committee to apply the money.

St. David's Church lies at the junction of Radnor and Newton Townships, Delaware County, and of Easttown Township, Chester County, about three miles from the old homestead. It was erected in 1715, and Anthony Wayne, the emigrant—one of the first board of vestrymen—purchased the ground within the church and "bulldozed ye pugh" thereon, which has ever since been occupied by the family.

At the entrance to the grounds, in front of the church and to the right of the path, among others of the family are the graves of the emigrant and his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne, the father of the General, while at the east end of the building we come upon that of Mary Wayne, the wife of the General, who died in his absence April 18th, 1793, and to the north and rear of the church, among the graves of his children and grandchildren, stands the monument erected by the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, June 5th, 1811, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens and soldiers. It is a plain white marble pedestal surmounted by a pyramid, is about nine feet high and was made by the Messrs. Traquair of Philadelphia. And here in this quiet country graveyard, whose marble-tipped graves are so suggestive of the peaceful rest that comes after "life's fitful fever," surrounded by his native hills and shadowed by many trees, this monument stands, the only memorial to his magnificent life, for strange to relate no biography has yet been written worthy of him who bore so conspicuous a part in the early struggles of the nation, who gave up home, wealth and their enjoyments, devoting his life to the glory of the flag and the honor of the country.

The life of Anthony Wayne remains to be written, but his fame is secure as long as Americans continue to be American, as long as nations continue to remember the deeds of statesmen and great captains.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

## HOME HORTICULTURE.

### OUT-DOOR GARDEN OPERATIONS.

In the majority of all the States in the Union this is the proper time to begin outdoor operations in the garden. For all hardy plants and seeds, the sooner they are planted and sown before hot weather sets in the better. As soon as the ground is dry enough to be worked, so that it does not adhere to the spade or rake, planting or sowing should be begun; that is, of the hardy kinds, such as fruit and ornamental trees, and all varieties of small fruits, which, of course, come under the head of "hardy." But many of our fruits, flowers and vegetable plants are of tropical origin, and all such cannot be planted until the danger of frosts and even chilly weather is past. For this reason tomatoes, peppers, egg-plant (in vegetables) and nearly all the summer flowering bedding, or ornamental leaved plants, should not in the latitude of New York or Philadelphia be planted out until very well on in May. The same rule applies to seeds. While such hardy seeds of such hardy plants as cabbage, celery, carrots, lettuce, onions, peas and spinach should be sown not later than April 15th, for the first crop, yet the seeds of tropical vegetables such as Lima beans, sweet corn, melons, squash, cucumbers or okra should not be sown until the first week in May. A good guide to such readers as are conversant with farm crops is to plant or sow all the hardy class of plants or seeds at such time as wheat or oats are sown in spring; while the tender or tropical kinds should not be sown until the season of corn planting. Keeping these rules in view, a guide is given to planting or sowing in any part of the continent.

There is no doubt that millions of plants are annually sacrificed by lack of knowledge as to the time at which to plant and sow; the nurserymen and seedsmen are frequently blamed for that which they are in nowise responsible. Their practice in sending out their catalogues too early, however, has considerable to do with causing blunders, for inexperienced buyers naturally suppose that when these lists are placed before them it is time to sow and plant. If those issuing these catalogues would devote less space to exaggerated descriptions of trees, plants or seeds, and more to such concise details of time and manner of planting, they would confer benefits on their customers that would quickly redound to the advantage of those who take the initiative in the matter.

In connection with spring planting and sowing cannot be too often reiterated the great necessity of firming the soil around the plants planted, or the seeds sown. Peter Henderson, who has written so much on horticultural subjects, says he believes his instructions as to the use of the feet in planting and sowing are more valuable than anything else he has ever prepared for the public. Let me quote a few of his remarks upon this subject, as they are particularly applicable at this season of the year. "The loss to the agricultural and horticultural community, from the habit of loosely sowing seeds or planting plants in hot and dry soils, is of a magnitude which few will believe until they have witnessed it; and it is a loss all the more to be regretted, when we know that by 'firming' the soil around the seed or plant, there is in most cases a certain preventive. Particularly in the sowing of seeds I consider this matter of vast importance, for the loss to the horticultural and agricultural community by the neglect of this simple operation amounts to millions annually. The mischief done is not confined to the less important garden operations, but corn, wheat, cotton and turnips often fail in hot and dry soils by being sown without being firmed sufficiently to prevent the air from shriveling the seeds. The use of the feet is impracticable in firming seeds on the farm, but a heavy roller applied after sowing is an absolute necessity, under certain conditions of the soil, to insure perfect germination." The difference in the time of seeds coming up that have been "firmed," and those that have not been trodden in is eight days; besides there is a risk that those not firmed may never germinate, especially if there is no fall of rain meantime. Seeds that have been trodden in also grow freely from the start and will rapidly mature their crops; while those where this process has been neglected are apt to become enfeebled by the loose soil drying them. The inexperienced should be warned not to tread nor roll in seeds if the ground is moist; for then the soil is in a condition conducive to germination, but too damp to be pressed down.

F. A. BENSON.



### THE ETHICS OF SPLENDOR IN DRESS.

It is the fashion of the moment to rave about art. Throngs rush to the Academy exhibitions and all felicitate themselves upon the growing taste of the multitude for art. We congratulate each other upon our craving for the beautiful. We say, and truly, that it will greatly contribute to the refinements of life, the progress of civilization; but when the same eagerness is evinced for "fashions" we treat it with disdain; we pooh! pooh! at such vanity and frivolity! Yet where can art be better displayed than in feminine, aye, and in masculine adornment? Is not dress a duty as well as a necessity?

It is a mistake to reproach a chronicler for describing splendid toilets. Plain and simple gowns can be seen or imagined by any one. But even the simplest and cheapest costume can be imbued with additional grace and a little style which has been inspired by reading descriptions of the costliest and most splendid robes. All who go to the Academy exhibitions are not buyers of pictures; but the training of the eye, the cultivation of the esthetic element in the least opulent visitor there enables him to choose better when he does buy, not only the engravings and chromos that adorn the walls of his humble apartments but also the necessary furniture of the same. So the reading of notes on dress and fashion articles may eventually train women not only to dress well but also to see dress in its proper light, to know how to keep within bounds a too exuberant fancy and turn to useful hints the suggestions made by the description of grandeur to which they ought not to aspire. This is not so difficult as might be supposed, for industry reproduces, especially this spring, all the rich fabrics, patterns and accessories of the toilet on a cheaper scale, and the reproductions are often so marvelously like the originals as to deceive even experts.

To be more explicit. There are this season no printed French lawns and organdies in the market, but the American manufacturers, ever up to the demands of American women in all parts of our continent, not forgetting the dwellers in tropical and semi-tropical isotherms, have produced lawns in colors and designs as tasteful, artistic and French as France itself could have sent out. The rare colors and shades so dear to the esthetes are found in these goods, while the combinations of dark and light shades, the designs and patterns, are even better than they ever were on the French lawns. The texture of the fabrics, too, is better. They are lighter, sheerer and softer. There is little or no sizing or starch in them. They look like printed India mulls.

A lovely class of American prints, Garner's percales, selling for only a shilling a yard, show the improvement in the taste and originality of our native artists in the most striking manner. The grounds are pure white, the figures in two contrasting colors generally, but sometimes one bright shade of blue, black, red, brown or purple are slightly conventionalized, tiny figures, battle-axes, signal flags, bats, balls, piles of plates, cups and saucers, wine glasses, champagne bottles, pipes, bunches of cigars, whiffletrees, spiders, toads, birds and nests, wheelbarrows, fishhooks and bait—all sorts of odd devices taken from real life, scattered over the surfaces in such a *mêlé* pattern as to be indistinguishable unless examined closely. The finish of these percales is very fine, the weight light. For children's wear they are admirable. They are utilized to an enormous extent for gentlemen's business and country shirts.

Weddings are frequent just now, and costly, new and tasteful toilets are produced for the brides and the guests in profusion. An exquisite bride's dress lately sent out from a leading establishment was a confection of white satin and silver brocaded silk.

The silver threads were so small and of such dull lustre as not to produce any startling or loud effect. The skirt trimmed all around the bottom with two narrow box-plaited flounces of satin was of the brocade, with a diagonal drapery of the same. The loopings were confined under flat bouquets of bridal roses and orange flowers. The fringe on the draperies was of fine colorless crystal bead strands alternating with strands of lily of the valley. The bodice was of plain white satin with a small point in front. Its only ornaments were a plastron of well stretched draped tulle, a *ruche* of point d'Alençon in the square cut neck and a small spray of orange blossoms on the left side. The train long and square, was of satin lined with the silver brocade, turned up in broad graduated revers at the side. The satin sleeves very tight, reached just below the elbow, where they were finished with a small brocade drapery and bow, not a frill. The long white kid gloves were put on before the dress was, and reaching above the elbow covered thus the entire arm. Of course the ring had to be put on over the glove. The coiffure was very simple, arranged low in the back, with the parting in front a little on one side. The long veil of tulle was put on, *à la Juive*, to fall partly over the face and fastened on one side under a *cache-peigne* of orange flowers. The low white satin shoes with a moderately high heel, were adorned with tiny diamond buckles on flat rosettes. Circlets of diamonds were on the wrists and around the neck, small solitaires in the ears.

The dresses of the bridesmaids were of veiling of a new shade of pale, yellowish pink called aurora, or dawn of morning pink. The skirts were flounced and draped with embroideries to match the color of the veiling, but were not trained. The shoes were of satin of aurora color, also the sashes and bows. The gloves were long, undressed kids of aurora pink in a little darker shade. The bouquets were of tea roses. The ornaments pink shell cameos.

The mother of the bride wore a robe of opal gray duchess satin with the tablier and hip draperies embroidered in opal-tinted pearl beads. Her laces were Brussels round point. Her bonnet of opal gray satin—a *capote*—trimmed with opal gray plumes shading to pale pink and a few pale pink roses. The gloves were of silver gray kid enhancing by the slight contrast the warm tone of the rest of the costume.

### NOTES ON DRESS.

Dress waistcoats worn by gentlemen have only three buttons; hence much of the shirt front is displayed.

The esthetic shades of green occur in mixtures for gentlemen's wear. Among the novelties are green and olive mixtures.

Little girls' hats are as large as ever. Ostrich feathers are the popular trimming. Quaintness and a picturesque effect are aimed at.

Pictureque black hats, black gloves and black stockings will be much worn together. They will not be relegated to black dresses only but will be worn with any kind of a dress, even white.

The change in men's fashions this spring is more in the colors introduced than in the cut of their garments. The new cloths for men's wear come in stripes, plaids, small checks, diagonals and mixtures.

Importations of Austrian table linens are among the handsomest in the market. They are as glossy as satin, cream tinted, of good weight, without sizing or starch, and the designs are in fine artistic damask patterns.

The latest fancy in children's shoes is for them to be laced, not buttoned. The toes are pointed and tipped with patent leather, the heels are flat and broad, the lacing in the English fashion, one-half through eyelets the other half around small studs. This style is adopted for both boys and girls.

A pretty fancy is to wear a simple standing or clerical linen collar fastened with a diamond or fine jeweled stud, while below the collar is worn a band of black velvet on which is fastened a row of small gold coins or jewel ornaments. This band fastens in the back of the neck with a small hook or baby lace-pin.

Novelties in fancy pocket handkerchiefs are of fine linen batiste, with the hemstitched borders in black or bright colors, esthetic or pale tints, the centres white. On the borders are delicately embroidered dots or flower and leaf designs in contrasting color. Sometimes the centres are black and the borders colored and embroidered, and frequently each of the four borders on one handkerchief is in a different color.

A revival of an old fashion is the use of pinked ruches. These afford a good method of utilizing old pieces of silk. The silk can be cleaned, stiffened with gum tragacanth and cut into strips and pinked, or can be cut into bias strips, frayed on the edges and then plaited into ruches. The pinking, however, is prettier and more fashionable, and a pinking iron can be bought at a trifling cost. At fancy stores the pinking is done for about a cent a yard.



## THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

The following appeared in *Truth* of April 11th:  
MINING.—NEW YORK MINING EXCHANGE.

The present deal in South Pacific is not calculated to increase public confidence in mining stock, as it is known from good sources that the insiders have for some time been the recipients of an offer for the entire stock, the same being from the English connections of Professor Treadwell, the latter gentleman having been kept in this city for a period of three months awaiting orders to visit London as soon as the outstanding stock could be bought up. The market for the stock has been depressed in every possible way and made to look weak through the operations of brokers known to be identified with the promoters as free and constant sellers, and the plan is, as soon as the company gets all the stock in hand, to advance the price in this market to a high figure, so as to make it look cheap in London at the price they are willing to sell it at there. When reputable members of the New York Stock Exchange urge the public to buy their stocks, and then, after changing their plans, do everything possible to shake their friends out of stock bought, it is time to call the attention of investors to such schemes, and show up how little they regard their word.

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Bothered the brawny Hercules,  
Or if on the Olympian heights  
Mosquitoes crowded thick o' nights,  
Played havoc with fair Juno's arms,  
And sweetly fed on Venus' charms.  
Did flies dash fiercely in the faces  
Of the three graceful, gentle Graces?  
Bloodthirsty ticks suck up with fervor  
The "blue" life fluid of Minerva,  
And even dare to tap the juice  
Of mighty, thunder-darting Zeus?  
Did ever wasp in vespine wrath  
Sting Dian fresh from sylvan bath?  
Did e'er Apollo, chlamys-dressed,  
Sit down upon a wild bee's nest?  
Pomona find her fruits so sweet,  
Mouse-nibbled and unfit to eat?  
Did Bacchus harbor on his nose  
The Demodex folliculorum,  
Or grubs devour the scanty clothes (cloes)  
Olympian braves and belles throw o'er 'em?  
Did wood-nymph bleed from prick of thorn,  
Or "bunt" and "amut" spoil Ceres' corn?  
Did angry ants in swarms repair  
Where nectar and ambrosia were?  
In short, did all the plagues of life  
Gainst which in an unequal strife  
Man struggles on from day to day  
Torment the gods the self-same way?  
If so, upon the self-same plan  
That now the earth is made for man  
'Twas fitted for the gods of yore—  
I wonder if they ever swore.

VICTIM.

## SNOBBERY.

THERE is a good story told of one of our bloated bondholders whose wealth dates just far enough back to keep him outside the pale of the *nouvelle elite*, but no more. He had built himself a big plate-glass mansion, with silver door-handles, set up a carriage, and kept a "waiter man" to open the door. This did well enough for a year or so, but finally the old man's soul grew weary. His aristocratic sensibilities had expanded beyond his power to give them scope in this simple-minded town, so, of course, he and the old woman packed up and went to Europe. Hitherto he had contented himself with a monogram, but when he got to London he saw that the best people had crests and mottoes on their carriages and note-paper. So he went to a celebrated advertising heraldic stationer, and commissioned him to get him up a coat-of-arms regardless of cost. The shopman was a bit of a wag in his way, and took the old fellow's measure at a glance. "What you want is a crest and motto, sir," said he politely. "I guess so," replied the old chap; "what the big-bugs here have on their carriage-doors." "Precisely, sir," said the man; "we'll fit you up one in the latest style." He was requested to call next day and see the design, and promptly went. The crest was a mailed arm holding a dagger—"something uncommon," the heraldic man said—and the motto, *Semper nobilis omnibus benignus*, which means, he explained, translating freely, "Always noble and kind to everybody." The old man was delighted. "Now, the latest style of printing mottoes," pursued the shopman, "is in initializing the words after the fashion of the old Roman motto: *Senatus populus que Romanus*, which the ancients abbreviated into S. P. Q. R. Of course you'd like yours done like that, sir?" "Most assuredly," assented the old fellow with renewed delight, and he forthwith ordered a couple of reams of note-paper, and envelopes to match, stamped instantly, in gold and silver and every known hue. Well, he and his wife used the stationery a month or so, writing to every one they could think of, to show how "toney" they had grown, when one fine morning, while studying with more scrutiny than usual the beauty of the decoration, it suddenly dawned upon him that the caption of the sheet to which he had been daily and hourly affixing his valuable signature was nothing more nor less than S. N. O. B.—*News Letter*.

## WHY HE LEFT.

A WOODWARD AVENUE business man who had advertised for a coachman had an application yesterday from a man who seemed to fill the bill exactly, but the fact that he was out of a place caused the citizen to ask:  
"Were you discharged from your last place?"  
"Oh no, sir—I quit of my own accord."  
"Anything wrong?"  
"There was, sir. The place was very pleasant, the pay good, and I came away without a hard word. But the gentleman was a bit reckless, sir."  
"How reckless?"  
"Why, he wouldn't be vaccinated, and he insisted on coming to the barn every day and exposing me to danger. I spoke to him several times about it, but he seemed so obstinate and reckless that I deemed it my duty to quit the job. Ah, sir! but no one knows how incorrigible some of these high-toned people are! They'd even lug a baby which had the whooping-cough right into the coachman's bedroom, and then expect him to buy his own medicines and do his whooping at night after everybody was asleep!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

## ESTRAYS.

—To be systematically and constantly funny requires a high order of genius.—*Colorado Exchange*. And no blue pencil snide work.  
—A LECTURER who had just one listener was flattered to discover that he came in to get out of the wet. Umbrella would have cost a dollar; lecture, twenty-five cents; seventy-five cents saved.—*Detroit Free Press*.  
—DECIDED by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*: The day of the Mongolian is ended in this fair land, and the laundry business will now read itself on a Caucasian basis.  
—A LITTLE boy who had been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked, "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"  
—A CELEBRATED lawyer said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

*The Little Angel overhead*  
*An Apartment-house Sonnet*  
*By Frank Ballou*

She occupies the room above,  
And I the room below.  
That little angel overhead  
Who's always on the go.

I've seen her bright, and smiling face,  
Her golden hair aglow;  
I've seen her little pet-a-pats,  
Which craze me here below.

Those dainty feet, in trim "no soze",  
She dearly loves to show,  
And I, a dearly love to see,  
Make Tophet here below.

Oh! little angel overhead!  
If she could only know  
The bald, and wrinkled gentleman  
Who's writhing down below.

I know her tender heart would ache  
Her sweet eyes tell me so,  
And she would spare the grim old man  
Who's pleading down below.

I wish she were asleep in bed.  
And I were likewise so.  
She in her dimpled cot above,  
I on my rack below.

Well! Well! wee angel overhead  
Whether I sleep or no,  
God bless your sunny smiling face.  
The Gentleman below.

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